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[“MR. OVERSIDE, SHE HAS GONE!”]

## THE HEARTS OF THREE GOOD WOMEN.

BY PIERRE LECLERCQ.

### CHAPTER XXIX.

FEAR AND DESPERATION.

During this time Godrey was rapidly recovering. A few minutes after Miss Witchwood's departure from Tom's lodgings a striking change for the better took place in him. Consciousness and appetite returned together.

In four days Dr. Pask allowed Godrey to leave his bed for an arm-chair. In six, to amuse himself by painting for an hour in the morning. There was a certain little picture in water-colour that only wanted a few touches to be completed.

His serious trouble and illness had much altered him. Not only was he older and graver in appearance, but older and graver in thought. Annie's death seemed to him to be an event of

past years. His love for Miss Witchwood seemed if possible to be strengthened, but it was now a more holy love and not so wild and irreligious.

He felt that he was about to enter on an entirely new phase of his life—a new leaf that would not want a paper weight to keep it from being wafted away as the last one had been wafted.

The new phase opened somewhat hopefully, for on the seventh day the few touches had been given by his still feeble hand to the little picture in water-colour—he had finished one at last.

Between Godrey and Pask a firm friendship had sprung up.

“I have brought you back to life again, my boy,” the doctor said to him one day; “and it is only right that I should strive to make it as pleasant to you as I can.”

And he did strive accordingly; on the second day after the picture was finished he had sold it to a dealer for a sum far beyond Godrey's expectations, together with an intimation that he (the dealer) would be happy to see some more of Mr. Overside's pictures.

This gave Godrey new strength and hope.

On the following day he received a letter from Miss Witchwood in answer to one he had written her, directly he could hold a pen, in which he

had thanked her in the warmest terms for her sympathetic visit.

In this letter Miss Witchwood wrote somewhat despondingly of her niece's condition.

“She is so silent; so mysterious,” she wrote. “This unfortunate love is breaking her heart; is weaning her away from me. I am not a sentimental person, Mr. Overside, but there is for me, nevertheless, unspeakable sadness in these three words—Eve avoids me!”

This letter, and the account which he had received from Tom Sheene of Eve's sudden and dangerous fit, gave Godrey's brains much work to do.

“Actually,” he said to himself, after much consideration, “it is now in my power, according to Miss Witchwood's opinion, to cure Miss Elworth of her madness—to make her happy—to make Miss Witchwood happy through her niece.”

Was it a wild, mad project that he was pondering on? he asked himself. Was not his mind, enfeebled by the fever, incapable of properly directing him? Probably.

Distrusting his own opinion on the matter, he consulted Tom Sheene and solicited his. He fully expected that Tom would laugh at him, but Tom did no such thing.

“Tell me, old fellow,” he said to Sheene, who

had listened most attentively to Godfrey's proposition, "is this the notion of a man cracked by fever and sorrow, or does it sound to you a sober, sensible act? Can I say this, or write this, to Miss Witchwood, or is it too wildly extraordinary?"

"It's the thing to do, sir," exclaimed Tom, heartily. "Say it—don't write it—at the earliest opportunity."

"You see, Tom," said Godfrey, "our poor little woman said on her death-bed that she would like me to marry. So far as I am concerned I would rather remain single; but then it seems to me now (I'm sure the fever is still hanging about my brain) that it would be abominably selfish on my part to remain single when I can bring about, according to Miss Witchwood's opinion, so much good by marrying."

"Exactly, old man," replied Tom. "Of course, you would wait for a year or so; you might learn to like her in that time, you know."

"I like her now, Tom; poor child!"

"Well; learn to love her then," said Mr. Sheene. "She's very charming. Life with her would not be so unpleasant after all. Do it, old son; do it!"

"I think I will speak of it."

"You are a confounded scoundrel if you don't, my friend," answered Tom, with a laugh, "for it's a glorious chance of doing a virtuous action, and you must do it; it's your duty. Look at the good results of it. It gives you an object to work for, without which possibly you would go off your chump; it cures madness and misery in one young lady, and so removes from another the one trouble of her life. I heard you say the other day that you wished it was in your power to return some of the kindness you have received from Miss Witchwood. Here you are! Do it, old man, and good luck go with you!"

On the following day Godfrey, for the first time since his illness, took a short stroll in the open air, accompanied by Doctor Pask. During that walk he asked the doctor when he (Godfrey) would be sufficiently well to take a journey to Pondcourt.

"Not this week, my boy, at any rate. Our legs don't feel as if they belonged to us yet, do they? No; not this week."

Now, though, that Godfrey had resolved to adopt Tom's advice and "do it," every day that passed away was a day of torture to him. He had decided on banishing all gloom and anxiety from Pondcourt House. He could only do so verbally. The sooner he did it the better. He could think of nothing else until it was done. He could not settle down to the other pictures until he had settled affairs at Pondcourt House.

He argued with Doctor Pask, and eventually won the day.

"Friday, at noon, then," said Pask; "not a moment before."

Godfrey wrote to Miss Witchwood thus (showing the note to Tom Sheene):—

"MY DEAR MISS WITCHWOOD.—If you will allow me I will call on you next Friday evening. I think I have something to propose respecting your niece that may meet with your approval."

Miss Witchwood answered that she would be delighted to see him if he were well enough to undergo the fatigue of the journey.

Tom Sheene instantly communicated with the tall, slim beggar.

On the Thursday evening Miss Witchwood told her niece that Mr. Overside was coming on the next day on a matter of business, and asked her, with a kiss, if she would prefer keeping her own room during his visit.

Eve simply answered, "Yes," and shuddered. At about eleven o'clock that night, while Eve was sitting in her own room thinking very deeply, and wondering what the business could be that was going to bring Godfrey to Pondcourt House, she was startled by hearing two or three distinct raps on the window. They were not noises made by a burglar, evidently. They were raps meant to be heard.

She instantly connected them in her own mind with Tom Sheene and Godfrey's coming visit.

She listened, and heard a voice whisper, from without, her own name:

"Miss Elworth!"

After a moment's hesitation she pulled aside the window curtains, and carefully and cautiously unfastened the shutters.

She started back! The glass of the window only divided her fair face from the foul face of the tall, slim beggar.

She was about to cry out, "Aunt!" when the beggar signed to her to open the window and receive a letter that he held in his dirty hand.

"An agent of Mr. Sheene's!" she said to herself, and then, fearlessly and noiselessly, opened the window.

"Hush! I come from Mr. Sheene. Don't be frightened, miss. You're to read that letter, and then give it back to me. Quick!"

She took the letter, and shuddered, as in taking it her hand touched his. She read the letter hurriedly, and returned it to him. The letter, written by Tom's left hand, ran thus:

"REMEMBER. Secrecy. Overside has recovered from the fever. He is coming to Pondcourt House to-morrow to take pity on you, by your aunt's advice. He is going to ask you to be his wife! Decide. Answer by bearer."

She covered her eyes with her hands, and whispered to the beggar:

"You can communicate with Mr. Sheene?"

"Yes."

"I have no pen or pencil here," she said, her lips quivering as she spoke. "Will you send a telegram to him for me?"

"Yes."

She handed him some silver through the open window.

"What am I to say?" whispered the man.

She was silent for a moment. At length, biting her lips, and trembling from head to foot, she answered him:

"Telegraph these words," she said. "I AM READY. BE AT THE LIBRARY WINDOW AT HALF-PAST NINE TO-MORROW NIGHT!"

## CHAPTER XXX.

### ELOPEMENT!

FRIDAY MORNING.

While the ladies at Pondcourt House were taking a somewhat later breakfast than usual, they were surprised by the servant announcing an unexpected visitor—Mr. John Farrand Farrands.

He had come to pay his promised "entirely unromantic visit."

He had been made acquainted, by a letter from Godfrey, of the fact that Godfrey had, "from circumstances into which it was not necessary to enter," discharged himself from Pondcourt House, and by a letter from Miss Witchwood, of the facts of Miss Sheene's death and Godfrey's fever.

More than the bare facts he did not know. He had, he told Miss Witchwood, taken the journey to Pondcourt that day principally to the end of being enlightened on the matter.

Miss Witchwood enlightened him accordingly. The banker evinced great surprise. Miss Witchwood asked his advice concerning Eve. The banker strongly advocated change of scene.

"I agree with Mr. Overside on one point," he said. "Your niece's distressing passion is a delusion. Have you any idea, Miss Witchwood, to what he refers in the short note that you have just shown me?"

"Positively none."

"It is wrong of him to come here," said the banker. "Taking into consideration the cause of his leaving Pondcourt House, his coming here is extremely bad taste on his part."

"If it benefit my poor, foolish child, it is very good taste, I think," she said, with a smile.

"But how can he benefit her? My dear madam, let me implore you not to attach any importance to Mr. Overside's visit, nor to derive

any hopes of your niece's recovery from his ridiculously mysterious note."

"Unnecessary!" she said; "I do neither, but I am willing to hear his proposition."

"May I be with you when you hear it?"

"If you please, Mr. Farrands," she replied; "you may be of great service in the consultation, you know, and I am sure you are deeply interested in all of us."

"I am very deeply interested in you, Miss Witchwood," he said, with a stifled sigh, and there the conversation ended.

At about a quarter to seven in the evening Godfrey, very pale, weak, and nervous, arrived at Pondcourt House. The sight of it saddened him, for somehow (although she had never been there) it brought poor little Annie before his mind's eye with extraordinary vividly.

"And I thought I should never see Miss Witchwood again," he said to himself. "Am I really going to see her now, or is this what it seems to be—a dream?"

Miss Witchwood received him in her old, hearty manner, and congratulated him on his recovery warmly.

"Not a word till after dinner, if you please," she said, brightly, though in her brightness, as in her entire mien to Godfrey, there appeared to him the words, "I am so sorry your little Annie is dead," running sadly and sympathetically through all she said and did.

"How is Miss Elworth?" he asked, turning a shade paler.

"As usual, simply," sighed Miss Witchwood. "You know me well enough to know," he said, "that nothing but the belief that I can serve you and your niece would have led me to come here after what has passed, I hope?"

"Not a word till after dinner, if you please," she repeated, and with that led him into the dining-room.

Godfrey was surprised and displeased at finding Mr. Farrands there. Mr. Farrands shook hands with him coldly, and said:

"I am glad you are better, Mr. Overside."

Mrs. Barrycourt, on her side, welcomed him right heartily. Eve was in her own room, and did not, of course, appear at dinner.

There was little said during dinner—that little was of trivialities. Mrs. Barrycourt was flustered generally. Miss Witchwood and Mr. Farrands were anxiously wondering as to what Godfrey had to propose for Eve's benefit. Godfrey himself was thinking, with a faint heart, of the difficult task before him. Now and again he said to himself:

"Never mind. It's only a dream. You will wake up soon."

Dinner over, they all left the dining-room for the drawing-room together. Godfrey was very thankful that he had escaped being left alone with the banker.

Miss Witchwood absented herself from the drawing-room for some minutes; when she returned, it was with a distressed expression on her face. Mrs. Barrycourt, feeling that she was not wanted, excused herself and made for the door.

"Shall I go to Eve?" she asked Miss Witchwood.

"No," replied Miss Witchwood; "I have just come from her. She is very anxious to be left alone, she says. She wants to sleep."

Mrs. Barrycourt left the drawing room and went to her own room. Coffee was handed round. Miss Witchwood seated herself and crossed her hands on her lap. A short distance to her left sat Mr. Farrands watching Godfrey's pale, thin face very intently.

"Now, Mr. Overside," said Miss Witchwood, "you need have no hesitation in speaking before Mr. Farrands. He knows all connected with my niece's melancholy story—besides, three heads are better than two, you know."

The drawing-room time-piece struck the hour of nine.

"I have very little to say," said Godfrey, somewhat uneasily; "but that little is extremely difficult, I can assure you. I hope you will both understand that my only object is Miss Elworth's happiness, and consequently yours, Miss Witchwood. I should never be so impertinent as to



propose this remedy solely on my own account. I do not claim the idea as my own. It is yours!" casting his eyes towards Miss Witchwood, who was listening to him with the greatest attention, and regarding him with the liveliest interest.

"You may remember, Miss Witchwood," he continued, "that when you and I first discussed Miss Elworth's foolish fancy about me, that you said it was your opinion that her passion was no delusion. Do you retain that opinion?"

"Yes, Mr. Overside. Her behaviour since then has only strengthened it."

"You spoke on that occasion," Godfrey went on, "of my great influence over your niece. You said that you did not believe her madness to be incurable—that my society would cure it in time, and so on. Did you not?"

"I did, Mr. Overside. I believe so now."

"As well as I can remember," Godfrey continued, gaining confidence, his face growing less pale as he proceeded, "you used these words—'Mr. Overside, if you were not engaged to be married, I should say to you, Try and love my niece.' I said, 'And marry her?' and you replied, 'And marry her!'"

He stopped speaking for a moment, but neither Mr. Farrands nor Miss Witchwood availed themselves of the silence. He went on, slowly and hesitatingly:

"The supposition," he said, "is now a fact. I am now engaged to be married, for Miss Sheene is dead. I have a sincere regard for Miss Elworth and the heartiest friendship for you, Miss Witchwood. There is, understand, no heroism, egotism, or quixotism, in this offer. I am ready, if you will give me the permission, to engage myself to marry your niece!"

Mr. Farrands jumped from his chair in surprise. Miss Witchwood signed to him to remain silent. Godfrey's eyes were bent upon the ground, and so he did not see that tears glistened in Miss Witchwood's eyes. She brushed them away, approached him, and placed her hand gently on his shoulder.

The time-piece struck the quarter of an hour after nine.

"My dear brother," she said—and the words and her soft touch thrilled him—"there is, excuse me, much heroism and much nobility in your offer. I quite understand you. I am sure that you would make my child supremely happy, that in time you would love her; but I must not accept your offer. You are very young, and you fancy that poor Miss Sheene's death makes this offer of yours a trivial sacrifice on your part, but it is not so. You have, I hope, a bright future in store for you, and—there—enough! I thank you for this proof of your friendship, but I cannot procure my niece's happiness at such a sacrifice!"

"Sacrifice!" exclaimed Mr. Farrands; "I really cannot see the matter in that light. Mr. Overside would not offer to marry the young lady if it were very distasteful to him, I should say."

"Let me say something more," interrupted Godfrey, "and let me disown the praise you have given me. I am consulting my own happiness as much as hers or yours."

It was untrue, and Miss Witchwood knew it. She thought, however, that it was a very noble falsehood.

"This is what I have to propose," continued Godfrey. "That I speak to Miss Elworth, or that you, Miss Witchwood, speak for me, as soon as possible; that, upon her accepting me, we enter into an engagement to marry at the expiration of one, two, or three years, according to your judgment, the great advantage of which long engagement would be that if her love be really a delusion, she will discover it, no doubt, in that time, on which the engagement can be broken. That during our engagement I strive to make a name and home for her. That—"

"One moment!" interrupted Miss Witchwood, "I fancy I can hear footsteps on the gravel path. Listen."

They listened, but heard nothing.

"Go on, Mr. Overside. I am nervous to-night. Forgive me!" she said.

"I need say no more," said Godfrey, after a short silence. "I offer my hand in marriage to your niece. I leave it entirely to you, whether she is to be told of that offer or not. I have, however, one condition to make."

"What is that?"

"That if Miss Elworth marry me she receive no dowry."

The time-piece struck the half-hour after nine.

"I expected that stipulation, Mr. Overside," she said, with a smile; whereupon she, Mr. Farrands, and Godfrey discussed Godfrey's proposition in detail seriously and calmly.

Godfrey maintained that he was consulting his own happiness in making the offer. Mr. Farrands urged Miss Witchwood to acquaint her niece with that offer. Miss Witchwood, on her side, said she would retract her refusal, since Mr. Overside so stoutly denied that there was any sacrifice on his part.

"I will break to Eve what you have said to-night, Mr. Overside," she said. "It will be better coming from me, I think; but I will not say now when I will tell her. I must have a little time. She is not in a fit mental condition to receive such news at present. Just now, for instance, when I left her, she was most strange; she kissed me—poor child, although I told her I should return in half an hour—passionately; she clung about me as if we were about to part for ever. Let this question of your offer stand over, then, for a little time, Mr. Overside; and now"—moving towards the door—"excuse me, for an instant, while I see how she is. I am nervous about her to-night, though I don't know why. One moment."

She left the drawing-room, and proceeded to Eve's room—the old library.

The time-piece struck the third quarter after nine.

Left alone with the banker, Godfrey prepared himself to hear a criticism on his own conduct and character. The banker opened his mouth to speak, but did not, for, pale and trembling, Miss Witchwood rushed into the room, which a moment before she had left with such quiet, queenly dignity, and cried, wildly:

"Mr. Overside! She has gone!"

"Gone!"

The two men started to their feet.

"Her room is empty—the window is open! Gone!"

Pondcourt House was instantly thrown into confusion. The mad terror that had seized Miss Witchwood immediately that she discovered her niece's mysterious absence—the agonizing thought that Eve was bent on self-destruction—still left her mistress of herself.

Ghastly pale, trembling from head to foot, her heart and temples throbbing with cruel force, she did all that the calmest could have done towards finding her niece.

Her voice rose above all others directing the search that was made. The grounds were examined in every part. One servant was despatched to Pondcourt; another to the village which stood to the east of the house.

Everything that was done was done with marvellous rapidity.

Godfrey found the first and only clue. He called to Miss Witchwood.

"Quick! Don't you know that footmark?"

He pointed to a tremendously large and clumsy imprint of a man's foot, which, by the light of a lantern carried by one of the servants, was visible on a flower-bed just by the library window. A footmark evidently just made.

"No."

"I do!" he cried, excitedly. "Look at the size of it. It might belong to the beggar whom we caught lurking here the other day."

He seized her hands, which were as cold as death.

"She's not alone," he said. "For Heaven's sake don't alarm yourself with the idea of suicide. I'm off! Trust in me! If she is to be found, which, of course, she is, I'll find her."

"God speed you!" she said, hoarsely. "I do

trust in you. You give me new life! Bring her back to me!"

"I will, Miss Witchwood," he cried, brightly; then, pressing her hands, he hurried away towards the iron gate.

She called to a servant.

"Bring me a hat and cloak quickly!"

Mr. Farrands came up to where she was standing, just by the footmark on the flower-bed.

"I am going myself," she said, "to Pondcourt, to inquire at the station and hotels. I cannot rest here. I can do no good. Will you stop in the house, Mr. Farrands? It is better that some responsible person should remain on the spot."

"Yes. Where is Mr. Overside?"

"He has gone in search of her," she said, her eyes sparkling as she said it. "I feel that he will find her, not I."

"He ought to!" said the banker.

"Yes. He is brave, clever, noble," she exclaimed.

The servant handed her cloak and hat through the open library window. Miss Witchwood hurried towards the gate, putting the hat and cloak on as she walked. The banker was by her side.

"Listen to this, Miss Witchwood," he whispered, hurriedly. "I believe that Overside knows her whereabouts."

She stopped and looked him full in the face.

"His manner and words this evening were extraordinary," whispered Mr. Farrands. "Was not his offer to marry your niece utterly unnatural? Does he love her? No. Does he want any money that she may have? No; he will not receive a dowry, he says."

"Well!"

"His visit and his offer were intended to disarm suspicion, in my opinion," said the banker, "and to give his confederates time."

"What can you mean?"

"She loves him madly. She would do anything for his sake."

"Well?"

"This," whispered Mr. Farrands, placing his hand on her trembling arm. "The meaning of her disappearance is elopement. Mr. Godfrey Overside, under the pretence of wishing to make her his wife, has secured her as his mistress!"

## CHAPTER XXXI.

"NO ONE WOULD THINK OF SEARCHING FOR YOU HERE."

ALL the inquiries which were made that night were perfectly fruitless. Eve's abduction had been managed too cleverly to admit of an immediate discovery of her whereabouts, her companions, or their motives.

At the appointed hour (half-past nine) Tom Sheene and Grules (the tall, slim beggar) had presented themselves cautiously at the library window, and found Eve perfectly willing, and indeed eager, to accompany them. Without a minute's delay, she had jumped from the library window. They had had nothing to fear from her, for she had been as anxious as they to avoid discovery.

So little time had been lost owing to Eve's eagerness to leave the house, that at five-and-twenty minutes to ten they had passed through the iron gateway and reached the road.

There Tom whispered words of encouragement to Eve, who was sobbing very bitterly. She shook her head.

"Don't speak to me yet," she said. "Let me think. Let us hurry on!"

It was a dark, dreary night; but the beggar, who was more decently clothed than usual, knew the country well. He led the way at a brisk pace. Eve took Sheene's arm.

They followed Grules without exchanging a word, not towards Pondcourt, nor the village that stood to the east of Pondcourt House, but across dark fields, meadows and hills. At about eleven o'clock, after a sharp, fatiguing walk of nearly an hour and a half, during which they

met no living soul, they reached a hamlet which was wrapped in sleep, and known as Little Wellmarket.

A train, bound from the West of England to London, stopped at the Little Wellmarket Station for a minute at a quarter past eleven, they knew. That train then journeyed to B— Junction by a different route than that taken by trains from Pondcourt.

They walked to the railway station, and, by Tom's direction, entered it separately, and pretended when there to be total strangers to each others.

They booked for London. Thus; so as to leave no clue behind them, by deceiving the clerk, who would doubtless be interrogated on the following day:—

Tom took a second-class ticket to London. Grules took a third-class ticket to London. Eve, obeying Tom, and hiding her face from the clerk, took a first-class return ticket available for three days to a town which was about five-and-thirty miles from Pondcourt.

The train came up to the platform. Grules entered a third-class compartment; Tom and Eve, a second-class compartment. When tickets were examined at B— Junction, Tom, who had given his ticket to Eve and destroyed hers, told the inspector that he had lost his ticket, and after some argument paid the full fare to London.

At five o'clock in the morning they arrived. Grules rejoined them at some little distance from the station. It was a wretchedly-cold morning; a fine rain drizzled on them. Eve shivered with the cold, and regarded the cheerless prospect before her with an indescribable expression on her poor wild, tearful face.

"What are you going to do with me, Mr. Sheene?" she said, brokenly. "Where are you going to take me? I'm so tired. I want rest." Then, to herself, she added, vacantly and audibly, "I hope their happiness will be as great as my misery!"

Sheene spoke to her kindly. Later in the morning, after she had rested, he would tell her his plans, he said. For the present they would all go to the house of a friend of his—a lady—where Miss Elworth could get a bed.

"It will not be so luxurious as Pondcourt House, this place we are going to," he said to her, "but we should all be prepared, you know, to sacrifice something for those we love."

"Oh, yes!" said poor Eve.

Sheene called a passing cab, which he entered with Miss Elworth. Grules mounted the coach-box, and gave the direction to the driver.

"Charing Cross!" he said, and then they drove away.

Arrived at Charing Cross, they alighted, and walked together through the drizzling rain to a dingy street not far from Leicester Square.

"Here we are at last!" said Tom, knocking gently at the dismal door of a doleful shop, which possessed dirty green shutters, but which did not possess any visible superscription as to the trade carried on at the establishment.

It was, however, a second-hand clothes shop, and it belonged to a stout Jewess. When its shutters were removed (which occasionally did not happen till late as noon, for the Jewess was of an independent spirit, and did not care whether anything was ever bought or not), the window showed to the public some faded opera-cloaks, some artificial flowers, two dress shirts, a baby's pink pelisse, a sealskin jacket, one large sword, and three mangy muffs.

"Here we are at last!" said Tom Sheene to poor Eve, who regarded the exterior of the place with evident distrust. "It is not inviting, I own, but at least it is secure. No one would think of searching for you here. When you have had a rest and breakfast I will tell you my plans, and then seek a more comfortable hiding-place. Don't be frightened, Miss Elworth; don't give way so soon, for God's sake! Think of them!"

"I am not complaining," she said, with a shudder.

The stout Jewess cautiously opened the door, though there was no need for caution, for the

streets were still dark and deserted; but the Jewess could not open any door in any other manner. She wore a dirty yellow cotton dress—her face was dirty—her black hair straggled on to her forehead—over her head and shoulders she held a red flannel petticoat.

"Halloa, angel!" Tom Sheene said, as she opened the door. "Here we are. Punctuality itself. Hark! There goes St. Martin's. Half-past five."

Sheene caught hold of Eve's hand, and entered the house with her, followed by Grules. The Jewess closed the door, also cautiously, and then led them into the parlour at the back of the shop, where, as in all other parts of the place, there was an extremely powerful odour of paraffin oil.

The Jewess, judging from the back parlour, was not a tidy woman.

There was, however, a kettle on the fire, and a paraffin lamp and a tray containing tea-things on the table, which had an oil-cloth cover to it. Sheene threw himself into a chair, with an expression of relief. Grules silently lit his pipe. The Jewess assisted Miss Elworth in taking off her hat and jacket, and then poured out into three cups some coffee from a coffee-pot which was standing in the fender.

"Sip that, duckey," she said, offering a cupful to Eve. "It will warm you, and you look as if you wanted it. Tired by the journey? Yes, of course, you are. I'll take you to your room at once, my dear."

"Yes, do!" said Sheene, getting up from his chair, "and see that you make the young lady as comfortable as you can. Pray, don't look so scared and downcast," he added, turning to Eve, and taking her hand; "at eleven I will see you again, explain all, and map out the future. Till then, good-bye."

Eve followed the Jewess from the back parlour. Tom went out into the passage, and whispered to the Jewess:

"Angel!"

"Well. What is it?"

"If you've any lush about the place," said Sheene, "trot it out. 'It's too late for sleep, and I want to have a chat and a whiff with my evil-mugged pal. Don't trouble yourself to come down again. We shall do till breakfast.'"

"There's a bottle of brandy under the sofa," said the Jewess. "You must take it out of cups."

"Thanks! Good night!" he said.

The Jewess, followed by Eve, ascended the narrow staircase, when Tom, from the passage, called to her again.

"Well; what is it now?"

"No professional language before Tompkins, if you please," he said to her; adding, to Eve, "The doors in this house are a little defective, so if there is a key to yours I would advise you to use it. Good night!"

The Jewess then led the poor mystified Miss Elworth into a small bedroom, which, although no lamp was there, was, like the other room, redolent of paraffin oil.

"Thank you, ma'am. This is very comfortable."

The Jewess was herself in a hurry to get to bed, and so she did not stop more than a minute with Eve.

"Good night, my dear," she said; "and pleasant dreams."

A minute afterwards the Jewess, having forgotten to ask Eve at what hour she wished to be called, returned, intending to put the question. As she was about to knock at Eve's door, she heard something, which arrested her hand. Words only. She listened for some little time; then looked over her shoulder, and hurried back to her own room, without disturbing Miss Elworth, from whose lips those words had come.

The Jewess had not heard a prayer for some considerable time past, and it somewhat upset her.

"Good!" exclaimed Tom Sheene, when he returned from the passage into the back parlour, with a hushed laugh of satisfaction.

Grules went on smoking in silence. Tom found the brandy bottle, and half filled two

cups from it. They drank. Tom lit his pipe, and seated himself opposite the beggar. There was a chair between them.

"Stick up your legs, Grules," said Tom, putting his own feet on the chair. The beggar grinned, and did the same.

"Drop that idiotic grin, my worthy son," said Tom, "and listen here. So far, you've done well. You're a deuced clever chap. D—n me if I could have got on without you. I suppose it's clear enough to you that I've a big thing on with our young friend upstairs, eh?"

"You're right, governor," said Grules, sipping his brandy as he spoke.

"Not love, you know, but cash!" said Tom Sheene. "I suppose you like cash; and I suppose you are not burdened with engagements which you can't chuck over if I want you, eh?"

"Right, again, governor."

"Grules," said Tom, lowering his voice, "I'll let you into the big thing—you shall have a share in it. Are you on? I can give you lots to do, and pay you well. Game?"

"Yes—as the devil."

"Lock the door."

Grules locked the door, and then returned to his chairs. Sheene took a long draught of brandy, and said:

"Now, my friend, I'll give you the outline of my little game. Shut your ugly mouth now, and afterwards, mind you! Keep your ears open; and pay attention to what I'm going to tell you!"

(To be Continued.)

ONLY A TRIFLE.—The trifling expenditures of every day amount to a great deal in the course of a year. Let us consider these trifles a moment—short omnibus fares, for instance, to a business man who rides to and from his business, cigars, drinks to the men one meets, etc., etc. It is just these little leaks, these trifles, that undermine a man's income, not the larger expenses, for these he can calculate and provide for; but it is the shilling here and sixpence there that does the mischief. "Take care of the pence and the pounds will take care of themselves," is one of the truest of maxims, and at the same time one that mankind generally fails to comprehend. The sooner we all awake to a full appreciation of its truth the sooner will we find our credit established upon a firmer and more solid basis.

JAPANESE FANS.—We take the following from the "Furniture Gazette," a very valuable and carefully-edited trade journal:—"For the manufacture of the common, flat, gaudy fans now exported in considerable numbers to America and Europe, a soft kind of scrub tobacco is selected, cut into lengths, split into from sixteen to thirty, or even seventy, tiny splits, and then easily flattened out, ready to receive the paper, which is already printed and cut into the required shape. To make the picture paper, the design is first drawn by the artist on thin paper. This is pasted on a slab of wood and engraved, and the pictures are printed off by laying the paper on the block and pressing it smooth. They have printed for centuries in Japan without presses. The colours are put on by means of sometimes as many as twenty different blocks. The pictured papers are then pasted over the frames. Sometimes musk or other perfume is laid between the sheets. The pictures on Japanese fans sent to England usually represent native scenery, life, and costumes. People outside of Japan think them, in most cases, caricatures of grotesque exaggeration. On the contrary, though a certain mannerism pervades them, they are wonderfully true to fact. One must be in the land of the gods itself (Japan) to realise how very correct, even to minute particulars, they are. Of course, in Japan, as elsewhere, dead 'old masters' still sway the sceptre over the living artist, and guide his pencil into lines never found in nature; but, in general, the almost microscopic accuracy of detail and truth of scene are acknowledged by those who study Japanese life, character, and scenery."





[STRONGWAY WAS PLEADING FOR ANOTHER FIVE MINUTES OF HER COMPANY WHEN SIR NEWTON ENTERED.]

## POWER AND POVERTY.

A NEW NOVEL.

(BY OWEN LANDOR.)

## CHAPTER XXXV.

## PEACE AND FELLOWSHIP.

Through the waving leafless woods  
The midnight winds are sighing,  
Chanting a low, funeral hymn  
For those in silence lying—  
Death's gentle flock, 'mid shadows grim  
Fast bound, and unrepining.

"So my work as keeper is over, count," said Barnes, as he followed his master indoors.

"Ah, yes," replied the count. "I have set my birds free, the tame and the wild alike are flown, and for the present I am alone. But come to my room; I must have some talk with you."

They followed him into his private room, where he lighted a lamp and pointed to a cupboard where he kept his drink. Mrs. Barnes promptly put sundry bottles and glasses upon the table, which Barnes eyed with much satisfaction.

"I'll say this for you, count," he said, "you do know good drink, and you are generous enough to keep it."

"Good drink will not harm us," returned the count; "it is the stuff that the chemist makes that poisons and maddens. Come, fill up, and let us drink to each other, for this is a last night we must spend here."

"You think, count, we shall get into trouble about that silent party and the servant wench?"

The count nodded.

"But not yet," he said; "it will take time. They must give me the summons to appear before the magistrate to show the reason for my keeping him, and I could gain many days. But

bah! the end would be the same. We should all be dressed in yellow, and have numbers, and work for the Queen at the place not far from here."

"I know it," said Barnes, with a shudder. "Dartmoor—chains and solitary confinement, no beer and no 'bacca. Better be dead."

"We were told that there was no danger in taking up with this job," said Mrs. Barnes, with a fiery eye.

"There is danger in all things that are not of the law," replied the count, coolly; "but you will come to no harm with the police. I promise you that no man's hand shall be laid upon you."

"You may promise a lot, but perform nothing," grumbled Mrs. Barnes.

"I swear that no man's hand shall lead you to prison," replied the count, with a strange expression in his eyes. "I have made arrangements to prevent it most surely. You know me."

"As an uncommonly artful party," replied Barnes, with a familiar wink. "All right, count! I'll trust you if the missus will."

"There is nothing else to be done," snarled the gigantic woman; "but what you are going to do, and where you are going to put us, I can't think. You might disguise Barnes, but you can't me. I'm too well known."

"Having been such a popular character for years," suggested the count, politely.

"I'm sorry now that I ever left the show," said Mrs. Barnes, bitterly; "at least I was safe there, and if the imprisonment was trying, I had lots to eat and drink. I could only get out after dark, and then had to skulk about in the back streets in case I should be seen—"

"Would he spoil the show for her to be seen in public, count," explained Barnes.

"Ah, so! I see!" the count replied.

"But, any way, it was better than this," continued Mrs. Barnes. "I blame you, Barnes, for the whole of it."

"Me?" exclaimed Barnes. "Didn't I leave

you to accept or turn up the job here when it was offered you?"

"What was I to do?" she demanded, with increased asperity. "Wasn't money short? and would you work at the forge as you ought to have done, you lazy, hulking fellow?"

"Come!" suddenly interposed the count, "let us have no war. This shall be a night of peace and good fellowship. Fill the glasses, sweet madam, and let us drink to each other."

"Sweet madam," with a very sour expression of face, filled up for herself and husband from a spirit bottle. The count helped himself to a little light wine, and pledged them.

"A health to you, my friends!" he said; "and here's to your quick journey to the land of safety."

"May I ask where that is?" asked Mrs. Barnes.

"Madam," replied the count, "it is far from here, and it is a strange place to you. None of the officers of the police will care to follow you."

"I don't care where it is," said Mrs. Barnes, "so long as I've my freedom."

"With smoke and drink," added Barnes.

"You will not want for anything," said the count; "but fill up—you don't drink. This is our last night here. Drink, unless you are afraid of good liquor."

"Good or bad," said Barnes, boastfully, "I'm not afraid of it. I could drink this stuff in tumblers, and get up without a headache."

Mrs. Barnes also became boastful, said something to the same effect, and in proof of it they speedily emptied the bottle. The spirit they had drank was old and insidious in its effect. Following the liberal potations they had indulged in during the day, the consummation the count wished for was attained.

Mrs. Barnes leaned back in her chair, sleeping soundly and snoring prodigiously, and Barnes, suddenly collapsing, slipped under the table.

Then Count Orsera rose, and taking up the lamp flashed it before the face of Mrs. Barnes. She neither moved nor blinked.

"Safe there," he said; and stooping down, took a peep at Barnes.

The attitude of that worthy person was unmistakable. He was helplessly drunk.

"What could be better for them?" muttered the count, as he replaced the lamp. "They will meet with him we all dread—King Death—and know nothing of his coming. Ah! it is pleasant to do so, perhaps, but— Bah! am I getting childish? Why am I troubled with doubts and fears? Have I not run greater risks, and escaped? I shall get away, and, disguised, will live unknown. It is nothing for me to do. Count Orsara is not to be taken like a rat in a trap. He is a lion or a wolf, and has strength and cunning. Now to dress."

From a wardrobe he took out a rough tweed suit, such as pedlars and packmen wear, which he rapidly exchanged for the fine clothes he wore. Next he put on rough boots, and fixed a wig of coarse black hair over his close-cropped poll, and having shaved off his moustache and stained his face with something that gave it a gipsy hue, he stood up a man completely and perfectly disguised.

Nothing was forgotten; even his pack was ready, all prepared long ago in case of such an emergency, and having viewed himself with satisfaction in a pier glass, he proceeded to finish the work he had arranged to perform.

From a locked drawer at the bottom of the wardrobe he took out a small square box, strongly made and iron bound. This, in turn, he unlocked with much care, and raised the lid as if he expected something dangerous to jump out.

Inside there was some machinery, such as we see in simple modern clocks, and to the left of it was a sort of tin reservoir, filled with a paste-looking substance.

"Enough of good dynamite," he muttered, "to scatter every stone of The Hollows over Exmoor; and where, oh! gentle Barnes, shall the police find you then? Let me see. I had better set it for half an hour. I shall be two miles away by that time."

There was a small dial plate, with a single hand on the top of the machinery, and this he set between the figures 1 and 2. Then he closed the lid gently, locked it, and taking up the pack, calmly strapped it upon his shoulders. He made the infernal machine, and could trust it not to go off before its time.

Without another look at his senseless victims, he walked from the room, taking up a bottle of wine as he passed out. He had a long walk before him that night, and might want it.

As leisurely as he left the room he sauntered downstairs, and stood for a minute at the hall door, feeling his pockets like a man who wishes to assure himself that he has money and what he may need during a temporary absence from home.

"Knives, revolver, and packet of diamonds all safe," he muttered. "I have left nothing behind but what is better left behind for ever. So all is well, and to-morrow I take a new name—I will be Smith, the pedlar, for a change. Ha! ha! but it is a good name—that, Smith. Nobody will wonder how I came by it."

And now that he was assured he had all he needed and had finished his work, he stepped away briskly, leaving behind him two living and three dead, to be hurled into space by the deadly dynamite.

The latter, of course, were Euphrosia, Lord Mowbray, and Pierre, all of whom had paid the earthly penalty of their sins and were lying cold in death.

No touch of the awful solemnity which rested upon those ghastly, motionless faces found its way into the murderer's heart; no feeling but one of grim satisfaction was within him as he moved swiftly away from the scene of his crimes, hugging himself upon the prospect of the horrible consummation yet to be, and the safety he believed that he had purchased so fearfully.

Ah! how little did those who glanced at him as they passed imagine the awful consciousness concealed beneath the mask of that resolutely stern, quiet face!

## CHAPTER XXXVI.

### CLEARING AWAY DOUBTS.

For I would speak of happy love—  
The delicate, the true;  
For my pearl-bud is fair like thee,  
And seems as gentle, too.

REACTION had set in, and Jack Cranbury, who had borne so much suffering quietly, fairly broke down ere he had been twenty-four hours under the roof of Sir Newton Thurl's house. He knew that he was under some suspicion, mainly shown by Mr. Inspector, who lived in an atmosphere of doubt of all mankind; but he did not care for that, knowing that as soon as his father arrived all would be set straight.

He knew that a telegraphic communication had been forwarded to London, and that the news was to be broken gently to Mr. Cranbury, who would, of course, come down at once. The delay would not be very great, but to Jack's strained imagination it suddenly assumed the proportions of a gap of years.

He had been told not to write himself, lest the shock of receiving a letter from one supposed to be dead should be too great for them, but it occurred to him that he would write to Janet so that she would receive it after the intelligence of his being alive had reached Clapham; and in attempting to do this he found out his weakness.

He could not do it, and on making this discovery turned to Peggy, who was ever near him, and said, quietly:

"I am going to be ill. I may even be delirious. You will have the task of nursing me until my people arrive."

"Ah! Master Jack, it is nothing," said Peggy, who, not being very strong herself, could not restrain her tears. "You are a little low, which is natural, but you will pick up in a day or two."

"Perhaps," he said; "but I don't think so. It will be a great disappointment to my father, when he arrives, to find an invalid awaiting him."

"And Miss Janet will feel it bitterly, sir," remarked Peggy.

"Do you think she will really come?" asked Jack, wistfully.

"Of course she will, sir, and you ought to know it."

"I would rather she waited until I am something like my old self again," said Jack, uneasily.

"Do you think, sir, that it will make any difference to Miss Janet's affection for you," asked Peggy.

"No, but I know it will shock her. I was shocked myself when I first looked into the glass. I am quite an old man, Peggy."

"But you will soon be young again."

"Perhaps," he said, softly.

In an hour he was down with a low fever, and Peggy took upon herself the duties of a nurse, but when the doctor came he saw that she was ill, too, and ordered her away to bed.

Peggy stoutly refused, until Myra came to the rescue. Her quiet, determined manner settled the question, and Peggy went away to rest.

Sir Newton, who had a lot of latent pride, was inclined to cavil at the step taken by Myra, who might be throwing her sympathies away upon an impostor—a mere tramp, it might be; but she took up cudgels on Jack's behalf.

"He is a gentleman," she said; "no beggar or rascal ever had such honest eyes."

"You had better talk about his eyes to Edgar," said Sir Newton, with a smile.

"I daresay I shall," replied Myra, "and he won't be such a goose as to be jealous. We thoroughly understand each other."

Jack did not take up all her time—a low fever does not require constant attendance—but she gave him as much time as she could spare in the day, and when the night came the housekeeper took her place. Peggy was reported to be in a sound sleep. She had been sleeping all day and promised to sleep all night.

"Then she will wake up quite well," the doctor said.

"And Mr. Cranbury?" asked Myra.

"Oh, he wants another sort of physician," replied the doctor, with a knowing twinkle in his eye. "He is either homesick or lovesick, or perhaps both."

This was enough for Myra, who was in a position to sympathise with all lovers, more particularly those who had travelled on the rough road which love is reputed to put down for its votaries; and Jack, for the few hours he had need of a nurse, was well cared for.

"He is a very pretty fellow," said Myra to Edgar Strongway, "quite an interesting patient. Now are you not jealous?"

"On the point of raving madness," he replied, with a smile. "I wish I could get out and sit by him for awhile."

"If you were well enough to do such a thing," said Myra, "you would assist at nursing after the manner of your kind. You would stomp into the room as if the patient had no feeling, and having thrown yourself into a chair with such violence that the whole room would be in a tremble, you would say, 'How are you, old fellow?' and then inquire if he would mind you smoking a cigar. Finally, you would bore him to death about the wonderful things you have done in the hunting field, and—"

"No more, I beg of you," cried Strongway, stopping his ears. "I admit it is a true bill of indictment, and it is a good job for the fellow that I am shut in here for the present. But what a marvellous story it seems to be."

"I trust the crime will be brought home to this fellow who calls himself Count Orsara, and to the Lord Mowbray that the girl speaks of. There is no evidence at present against the latter, only her suspicions—"

"Which won't do alone."

"No, but the inspector thinks that if he finds the story true he will be able to get up a clear case."

It was late in the evening, Myra having just left her patient for the night. She now rose to leave. Strongway was pleading for another five minutes of her company, when Sir Newton entered the room with an open telegram in his hand.

"From the police in London," he said; "they have a doubt of the man we have here."

"They always have doubts," broke in Myra, petulantly. "I am sure he is the man."

"Womanlike, you form an opinion and defy all evidence. However, we shall see. They have a description of him, and are going to see the father. We shall know all about it on the morrow. By the way, what is to be done about Reuben and his quondam friend? I was telling the inspector that the prosecution is sure to be abandoned, and that they might as well be let loose at once; but he says it can't be done."

"They could be bailed," suggested Edgar.

"I'll see my brother magistrates about it in the morning," said Sir Newton. "It is an odd thing that this Murch should be the father of girl we have here."

Myra uttered an exclamation of surprise.

"It is true," continued Sir Newton, "and I think I can see through the whole business now. The old man came down in search of his daughter, and having an idea of where she was, tried to get her out, but did not go to work in the best way."

"But something more ought to be done," said Edgar. "This rascal of a count, who is no more a count than I am an emperor, to my thinking, may take alarm and clear out."

"Every road and path they could take in leaving the place is watched," replied Sir Newton, "and to-morrow they will close upon the house. I was for immediate action, but the inspector thinks there ought to be no hurry. He seems pretty sure of his birds."

"It is like his race to be cocksure," said Edgar. "I wish I knew the fellow who gave me that tap on the head."

"Why?" asked Myra.

"Because I should like to settle accounts with him, that's all."

"And is your hatred for him so deadly?"

"Well, nobody would care to thank a man for doing such a thing."



"You ought to thank him," said Myra, significantly; "that is, if you have a spark of gratitude in your heart, or are at all thankful for having me."

"Of course I am glad to have your love, Myra, but I don't see what having my head broken by this unknown rascal—"

"If I had never seen you on the verge of death I should never have been quite sure that I loved you."

"Is that a fact?" asked Edgar, with wondering eyes.

"It is true."

"Then all I can say is," said Edgar, "that if the man—whatever he is—came into this room now, I would shake him by the hand, and if he wanted money I would hand him a blank cheque to fill up as he pleased."

"Which shows how indiscreet you can be," said Myra, "and how great a need you have of somebody to look after you. I see you will have to come and live here with us."

"I could never leave the old house," said Sir Newton, "and I should like my child and her children to live here after me."

"It shall be so, please God," said Edgar, with tears in his eyes. "As for my den, it has no great associations for me, not having been the house of my father, and I shall leave it without a pang."

"It would form an excellent retreat, with a fitting pension, for the unknown gentleman who broke your head," suggested Myra.

"Have your jest," returned Edgar, "but I have, after all, the best of the joke on my side. Are you really going?"

"It is so late," replied Myra,

"And I must say good night, too," said Sir Newton, discreetly, taking leave of him at once.

"And, Myra dear, if you can come to me in a few minutes in my room I shall be glad."

"If everybody on earth were as happy as we are, dear Myra!" said Edgar, as she was moving towards the door; "that poor fellow upstairs included."

"And he will be as happy, too," she replied, "to-morrow."

## CHAPTER XXXVII.

### IT MUST BE DONE.

But then, these evil ones have come  
To bring this lover to his tomb;  
Not in the time of woe and gloom,  
But in the spring,  
When love afresh begins to bloom,  
And birds to sing.

WHEN Count Orsiera went to the Big Find and told the twin brothers that Jack Cranbury was living, he did so with an instinctive knowledge that they would take alarm, and tremble at the prospect of having to refund the reward they had received for finding the supposed body of the merchant's son in the Thames. The idea was absurd, but it took root in their ignorant minds.

After the count was gone they sat for awhile staring at the fire, until Dan, always the more talkative of the two, broke silence.

"It's a bad job, Jim, isn't it?" he said.

Jim nodded. His feelings were too deep for words.

"It was the dream of our life," continued Dan, speaking very slowly, and grinding his hands together as if they were millstones; "and when it came true we were full of spirits—eh, Jim?"

"Of both sorts," said Jim; and at this little joke they both laughed grimly.

"We said to each other that it was a good thing," pursued Dan, "and that we should never want to work any more, never have to labour on the cold river day and night for a bare crust to keep body and soul together, never know hunger and thirst any more. That's what we said, Jim."

"You said it, Dan, and I agreed," said Jim.

"Then when all was settled and the money paid over," Dan went on, "we looked about for a quiet place far away from all we had known afore—"

"And the furer the better, Dan."

"Just so, Jim; and not being good scholars we couldn't get what we wanted out of print, and so tramped until we came down to these parts, and then we finds this house empty."

"And you said it was far enough away," said Jim.

"It looked like it," said Dan, savagely, "so lonesome and so quiet—all the people so different to what we had ever known. It was the world's end a'most, Jim. But what was the good of it? What ha' we gained by it?"

"We've been follered here," said Jim.

"They all foller us," said Dan, fiercely. "First, there's Mister Officer, he must come a poking and a prying and telling us he'll find out who we are, and so he does; and he comes a telling us that he'll keep a eye on the place —"

"A sharp eye was the word, Dan, and a sharp eye he's got."

"True for you, Jim. And what had we ever done to him that he should come a prying into our business, and treating us as if we had robbed him?"

"He was a bit spiteful," said Jim; "but we've been used to that sort of thing all our lives."

"And then there is this young chap Cranbury, who must ha' been drowned one time or other, or they wouldn't ha' put out a reward for him. What do he mean by coming back to life? And if he was alive, why didn't he keep quiet and let us live in peace?"

"Ah!—why?" said Jim. "He's hard on us, like the rest."

"It's mean of him to come sneaking back," said Dan, now in a boiling rage, "and robbing two poor men like us."

"Can't we run away, Dan, and hide somewhere with the money?"

"What's the good o' that? The perlice would find us out and take a pleasure in doing it. No, Dan, there's only one way to save ourselves."

"And what's that, Dan?" asked Jim, lowering his voice.

"Have his life, and hide the body where it can't be found," hissed Dan. "Burn it, if we can't do nothin' else with it. And then, don't you see, if he can't come forward and say he's alive, the drowning stands good."

"It's an awful thing to do, Dan," muttered Jim, with ashen lips, "and it's hanging, if found out."

"That would be no more than being drove to poverty again," said Dan. "You remember now we used to live?"

"To be sure, Dan."

"Had we a friend in the world?"

"No, Dan."

"Was there any man who warn't a branded thief who would speak to us?"

"Not one, Dan."

"Warn't we p'inted at and jeered at, and warn't it allers being hinted at that we often put live men and women into the river to find 'em dead?"

"They said all that and more, Dan," said the assenting Jim.

"And is THAT the life you would go back to," asked Dan, "rather than kill a man who's done us a wrong by coming back to life—?"

"Perhaps he don't mean to harm us," suggested Jim.

"Then why don't he keep dead?" persisted Dan, "or hide away and swear he's another party, rather than rob us. But whether he means to rob us or not isn't the p'int. If he gets back to his people he WILL rob us, and I'm not going to stand by quietly and see it done."

"We might try it on and make a mistake," suggested Jim.

"I'll do it alone, if you like," said Dan. "I don't want any help."

"No, no," said Jim, shaking his head. "In all things we go together—share and share alike; wittles and drink—riches and poverty. We'll live and die together, Dan."

"Of course, we must," replied Dan, in a softened tone. "For ain't we as it were one. If you've a sorrow, don't I feel it? If I've a pain,

don't you bear a part of it? We came into the world together and will live on together, and when the end comes will go out of the world together; and if it's by the hangman's rope we must take it as other unfortunates have done."

All Dan's arguments were warped by selfishness and a lamentable lack of morality; but the life and training of these men must be remembered before we utterly condemn them. Born in poverty—reared in penury—parentless from boyhood, without education, and cast into the very lowest pit of humanity from the first hour—could they reason or act like Christian men?

It was wonderful, but true, that up to that hour neither of them had been guilty of any great crime. Occasionally, when put to hard shifts for a crust of bread, they had committed petty thefts upon the river; and once Dan had picked the pockets of a drunken man, taking, however, only half the money he found, and leaving the rest. "In case he's got any little chaps at home," he said to Jim.

How came, it, then, that Dan should so suddenly determine upon committing a murder, and Jim, after feeble protest, consent to share in it? The answer is easy to be found.

They had been lifted up from the life of poverty they had always known; hunger and thirst had ceased to be their frequent attendants; and they had tasted the sweets of a life of respectability and ease.

For a time they had been lifted up to an earthly Heaven; and the prospect of being torn from it and hurled back to their original level, had roused all the latent ferocity in Dan and the echoing evil in his brother.

It never struck them that Mr. Cranbury was about as likely to insist upon the reward being returned as he was to petition the Queen to have them beheaded on Tower Hill. No! they could only see that they had been paid for what they did not find, and the man who had parted with this money under a mistake would demand his own again.

It was what they would have done, and in matters of this kind they had no other books than their own hearts to guide them.

Only one road seemed to be open to them, and that, in a frenzy of fear, they had decided upon treading. Men of little mind are very persistent when they get hold of an idea, and a purpose once adopted is fixed.

Very little more was said on the subject that day. Jim made no preparations and formed no plans; but Dan, to whom he left everything, was busy thinking.

One of Sir Newton's stablemen dropped in for a pint of beer, and from him they learned that Jack Cranbury was lying at The Hall very ill. In his garrulousness he even described the room he occupied, and Dan fixed it in his mind.

"The upper room in the south wing," he muttered; "second window from the left. With a ladder from the tool-house we could reach it easily."

When closing time had arrived they shut up the house, and the two brothers had supper as usual. During the meal they did not speak a word as to their purpose; but when they had eaten their fill, and had mixed some grog and filled their pipes, Dan said:

"I think about half an hour after midnight will suit us best."

"Very well," said Jim.

"He's a laying at the south side of the house," continued Dan, "and the tool-house isn't far away. We can get a ladder, and if he should be asleep we can get in without disturbing him—anyway, he's helpless."

"But suppose he's got a nurse with him?" said Jim. "I've heard of rich people having nurses when they are ill."

"It is sure to be a woman," replied Dan, "and she's likely enough to be asleep. No—I'll leave her to you."

"Very well," said Jim; but he rather recoiled from the night's work. Like his brother in every other respect, he yet lacked the full ferocity which was now so apparent in him.

"What you wish me to do, Dan, I'll try to do," said Jim.

And in silence they sat for a long time, smoking and drinking.

The ordinary drinking of the brothers bordered on the very abstemious; but that night Jim took two glasses extra, and Dan three or four. They wanted a little extra priming to give them fictitious courage to carry them through the proposed task.

When the hour of midnight was announced by a cuckoo clock in the corner, Dan mixed himself a final glass of grog, which he tossed off at a draught, and declared himself ready.

"You've got your knife, Jim?" he said.

"Yes, Dan."

"That's all you will want. Come on."

Not another word was said. Putting out the light they went out of the front door, which Dan locked behind him, and turned down the dark road. The sky was black as pitch, with clouds hiding the waning moon and stars.

"We shall almost have to feel our way, Dan," whispered Jim.

"Hush! Don't say anything. It isn't easy to see if anyone is about. We can't be—"

He paused, and clutched Jim by the arm, who seized hold of him in return, and together they staggered back, for a mighty sound, as if the earth had been rent in twain, fell upon their ears, and the land and sky ahead were lit up with a vivid flame that dazzled both like a sheet of lightning in a mighty storm.

(To be continued.)

## SOCIETY AND FASHION.

A SHORT STORY.

(COMPLETE IN THIS NUMBER.)

### CHAPTER I.

A HOME-LOVING WIFE.

TICK, tick, tick, went the little ormolu clock on the shelf; then a whirr, and five silvery strokes broke the silence of the tidy sitting-room. Up from the cushioned depths of a large arm-chair sprang a little woman, with soft bands of yellow hair coiled about her well-shaped head, eyes azure-hued, pink cheeks, and a pretty mouth, the ruby lips just parted enough to disclose a row of pearly teeth.

She placed a neatly-bound volume in the book-rack with a half sigh, then, donning a long white apron, she rolled the round table into the centre of the room, removed its dress-up cover, and replaced it with an immaculate linen one, and was soon as deeply interested in making the tea-table look inviting as she had previously been in reading.

It certainly did look tempting when all was completed, and little Mrs. Ivan stood, her head, birdlike, sidewise, taking one more survey, to make sure that nothing was wanting.

She had just placed the four chairs at the table, when bounding steps were heard upon the stairs, and two children, a boy of six and a girl of eight years, entered the room.

"How have you enjoyed yourselves at grandma's, my darlings?" said their mother, as she returned their fond greeting kisses.

"Oh, it was jolly! I mean we had a real nice time, and enjoyed our visit very much," corrected Bess, as she caught the reproving glance of her mother's gentle eyes.

Bessie Ivan was a sad little romp, while her brother Willard was far more gentle in his manners than girls are generally.

"And what does my Willard say?" inquired Mrs. Ivan, as she softly stroked his golden curls, just the shade of her own smooth bands of hair.

"Grandma was very kind, and it was all nice, but home and you, dear mamma, are best."

"Just what I think," echoed Bess. "And now, mamma, when can we have tea? I am aw—I am so very hungry! The walk from grandma's has given me such an appetite."

"Just as soon as papa is ready to sit down, which will be in a very few moments, for I hear him at the street door."

Dark and handsome was Frank Ivan, with always a smile peeping from beneath his silken moustache, and a merry twinkle in his eyes; but—was it only fancy upon his wife's part that there was just a faint shadow on his face as he entered that bright little room, where the tea-table was spread so daintily?

"Frank, are you going to town this evening?" asked the little wife, when they were all seated at the table, doing justice to the viands she had prepared.

"I thought I would just for a few moments. Why, did you want anything?"

"Yes, dear, I do, ever so much. You know that delightful book I am reading? Well, the sequel is just out, and I want it for to-morrow."

The shadow upon Frank Ivan's face certainly darkened, and his usually smooth forehead puckered into quite a frown.

"Clara, I really wish you would not read, read, all the time. Can't you manage to find something else to do?"

The little woman elevated her prettily-curved eyebrows in surprise. Never before had her husband spoken in this way to her. He always seemed pleased that she could find enjoyment for her lonely leisure hours, while he was away at his office and the children at school. Had her husband learned to think, as she knew a number of her acquaintances did, or pretended to, that the woman who read a great deal must necessarily neglect other things? There was one thing Clara Ivan certainly did neglect, and that was attending to the affairs of her neighbours!

"Why, Frank, you know I never read when there is anything else to do; but as the washing, ironing, mending, and baking are all out of the way, and you and the children take your dinners, I shall have quite a little leisure. If you like I will dismiss Bridget and do the washing myself. That would take off some of my spare time."

"Nonsense! You do quite well enough to get on without a servant in the house, while every other family of our acquaintance has one. No, not while my business continues as good as at present shall my little wife become a washer-woman."

"Then what am I to do in my leisure moments?" she asked.

"Make fancy work, go out shopping, visiting, and consequently receive callers, as the other ladies of your acquaintance do."

"But, Frank, shopping takes money, you know; visiting, fine clothes; and a great deal of company, servants to work in the kitchen while I am entertaining in the parlour."

"But the endless book buying is also an expense. I did not think so much about your reading until the other day. I met an old friend, and he said, 'Frank, come and see us, and persuade your wife to come. They say since her marriage she has settled down into a regular little blue.' Now, Clara," the husband added more gently, as he saw tears gathering in the soft blue eyes opposite, "we do owe a little to society, and if people notice the way you seclude yourself, it is not to be wondered at, nor am I to blame for not wishing my little wife to become a regular bookworm, her world encompassed between the two covers of a book."

Little Bessie pushed away her plate with pouting lips.

"Papa, I don't like your naughty friend for calling my dear mamma a 'blue,' and making her cry. So there!"

"Hush, Bessie! Go on with your supper," said the mother's gentle voice.

At the same moment she gave the father a warning glance, and for the time being the conversation was dropped.

But the thoughts of all were busy, and an element of constraint made itself felt, even in the children's minds. Frank seemed uneasy—he was trying to imagine himself ill-used; and upon the charming face of the young wife there was an expression of grave doubt and perplexity altogether extraordinary and new to it.

## CHAPTER II.

A FASHIONABLE WIFE.

CLARA AINSLEY was only a sweet, pretty country girl when Frank Ivan married and brought her to the county town where they now resided, and for the nine years of their married life he had seemed entirely contented with her as she was, the light and comfort of his home; but lately, and especially after his friend's unlucky remark concerning the "blue," which conveyed to his mind ideas of strong mindedness, writing for the press, etc.—horrors! should he ever see those little, dimpled fingers ink-stained?—he did not feel at all satisfied. His wife was a pretty woman, and conducted herself perfectly when occasionally she received callers or went out; why, then, should she seclude herself at home and be called a "blue," instead of shining in society, as he felt she was born to do?

He enjoyed their cosy evening chats, when she could intelligently follow him in the topics of conversation most interesting, without a trace of strongmindedness; still, would he not just as well enjoy calling together little social gatherings at his own home, or joining those at the homes of his friends? And then fancy work, too; he wished his wife would do it. How bewitchingly Mrs. Eccleston had looked, the other evening, when he called for his friend Hal, with her lap full of tinted worsteds, and how he had blushed when she prettily inquired if his wife were fond of fancy work, and he was forced to admit she never did it. Then what in the world did she do with her leisure time? And he had said she was very fond of reading, with almost as much shame as if he was telling that she was fond of stealing, or something equally as bad.

How was he to know that Mrs. Eccleston's work-basket was piled up to an alarming height with garments and stockings to be mended, and that the pile was oftener diminished by secretly turning them over to the seamstress, and replacing with new, than the labour of mending, while she bought materials and made more lamp-mats than she had lamps to set upon them, and more tidies than she had sofa and chair-backs to cover.

Frank was preparing to go out. His wife had gone to put the children to bed, and he stood an unusually long time drawing on his gloves. After this was accomplished, he still remained twirling his hat in his hands. Presently Clara returned. There were traces of tears upon her cheeks, and his heart smote him just a little.

"Darling," he said, going up to her and placing his arm about her waist, "you are not offended with me for what I have said?"

"Certainly not, Frank."

"And you will not be angry if I do not bring you that book this evening, but, instead, give you some money to go out shopping with to-morrow? Your dresses are getting rather shabby, and I want you to get some pretty new ones, and have them tastefully made up. You will do as I wish in this, will you not, Clara?"

"Yes, Frank; your judgment should be better in everything, and—I am going to give up reading, if you wish it."

"Well, then it is settled. To-morrow you will air that new bonnet and cloak I bought a few weeks ago—and, by the way, I do not believe they have seen the light since they were brought home."

"Oh, yes. I wore them to church Sunday."

"So you did; I had forgotten it."

"Frank, you know I was only a simple country girl, quite unused to society ways, and—and as you wish me to become a society woman, will you please name the ladies you think best for me to become intimate with, and to make my pattern? I want to please you."

Frank at first suspected a twinkle in the little woman's eyes. Was she secretly laughing at him, or meekly deferring to his superior judgment, her usual way, as it was only proper that she should? He decided upon the latter.

"I suppose those who seem to be the leaders



would be the best—Mrs. Ecleston, Mrs. Ventnor, and Miss Evelyn Wyntrop. My dear Clara, I really must be going now; but one thing more: your happiness is with me the first and most important thing to be considered, and if, after six months' trial, you are not better contented with going into society than remaining at home all the time, reading trashy nonsense, I will buy you the book you wish, and a thousand more, without grumbling."

Full ten minutes after her husband's departure Clara Ivan stood before the little bookcase, gazing upon her former companions, with sad and tearful eyes.

"Dear old books! It is cruel of Frank to wish me to throw you aside for a set of people who don't care a straw for each other, only to poke and pry and gossip behind one's back. Mrs. Ecleston, indeed! A frivolous, empty-headed creature, who spends her husband's money faster than he earns it. Mrs. Ventnor! A silly, affected flirt of a widow, making eyes at every marriageable man she sees. And Evelyn Wyntrop! A slandering, gossiping old maid. Really, I thought Frank had more sense. There, Clara Ivan, you horrid little wretch, you had better stop! Already, at the very thought of giving up your peaceful book companions, you are as bad as any of them, and I guess when you go among them you will hold your own very well. Poor Frank! I think I'll give him a chance to decide in what character he likes me the better—a bookworm at home, or a fashionable society gadder."

Clara did as Frank had desired—bought some pretty dresses and had them tastefully made up, and quite a pretty bill she handed him also; but after he had received it she said so sweetly, "They are such beauties, and off the very pieces Mrs. Ecleston had hers," that he could not demur, even if he had felt inclined to do so.

Mrs. Ivan now returned the calls previously made by the ladies mentioned by her husband. They professed themselves delighted with the little lady, and speedily returned her visits. Clara was soon established in the society of the town, and found her time nearly filled in giving and receiving calls.

She also found that it was quite impossible to entertain company in the drawing-room and attend to cooking in the kitchen at one and the same time; therefore she was obliged to hire a second servant.

The little lady entered into the gaieties into which she was now fairly launched with so much apparent zest that Frank began to tell himself he was right, after all; and ought to have insisted on this before. And yet, although the reason why he could scarcely have told, every night at his home-coming the picture was before his mind's eye of a little flaxen-haired woman, curled up in the great cushioned chair by the window, who always sprang up with a glad cry of welcome upon his entrance.

Ah! why did this picture haunt him? Perhaps because he never saw it from the time his wife became a society woman at his bidding.

Now, when he entered the house, it was not unusual for the servant to announce something like the following:

"Mrs. Ivan is at tea with Mrs. Ecleston, and she wishes you to call for her this evening."

The children were sent to grandma's or left with the servant. Frank rarely spent an evening alone with his wife, and when he did there was no satisfaction in it.

Her conversation was all about that "love of a bonnet," that "elegant new costume design," or the latest scandal. And then it galled him to hear upon every side how his wife was—yes, was enjoying herself, just as he wanted her to, and in the very way!

Talk about women being inconsistent! Frank Ivan felt like knocking his friend down when he said:

"Why, Frank, old fellow, what a deucedly wrong impression people gave me of your wife! She is one of the most charming little women I ever met, while they gave me to understand she was a book-worm—a 'blue'."

And Frank smiled a sickly smile, felt himself

obliged to thank his friend for he knew not what—and went home miserably.

He found his wife standing before her dressing-table, arrayed in an elaborate evening dress. In her hand she held a white lace scarf and a blue silk one, and appeared to be trying to arrive at a decision between the two. She heard his approaching steps, and said, without looking up:

"Come, Frank, you must dress as quickly as you possibly can, or we shall be late for Mrs. Ventnor's reception."

"Mrs. Ventnor and her reception be hanged!" he was going to growl out.

But Clara had fixed her choice upon the white lace tie, and now her next move attracted his astonished gaze.

"What in the name of common sense are you doing, Clara? Trying to hide those pink cheeks, your chief beauty, under that detestable powder?"

"Why, you dear, delightful old goose! They are just what spoil my looks. Pale faces are much more interesting than flushed ones. They are becoming quite fashionable, so Mrs. Ventnor says, and of course she is a good judge. She is older, and has had more experience of fashionable life than I have had, and must know."

Frank turned away with a smothered groan. He believed he should go crazy if those women were to be quoted to him much longer.

He went into the sitting-room, where a lonely supper awaited him, managed to crowd down a few mouthfuls by the light of a dimly-burning lamp, that seemed to have gathered on its chimney the shade of ages; then went to his room to dress.

In his wife's reading days—how delightful the memory of those days had become to him now!—if he wanted to go out, every particle of clothing he intended wearing would be found in order and laid upon his bed; but now, alas! not a garment was in sight.

"Clara," he called, trying very hard to make his voice sound pleasantly, "where shall I find my clothes?"

"Your suit hangs up in the closet, and your shirt, cuffs—oh, I really believe they are all in the little work-room. I have been so busy I couldn't find time to mend. You must try and get one yourself that only needs a button, and make a pin do for to-night. I really cannot run around the house now with this dress on."

Poor Frank! When he started for the little work-room perhaps it was "Botheration!" that he said; we do not like to say positively, for it may have been something worse.

A pin do for a button! In all the "book-worm" or "blue" days—either of these sobriquets would sound musical to him—never had there been a single button missing from a garment he wished to put on.

At last, after a great many exasperating delays, the husband and wife arrived at Mrs. Ventnor's reception-rooms. Frank was at once pushed to the wall, where he stood glowering darkly upon the crowd of admirers that had gathered about the now brilliant Clara Ivan, and a most miserable evening he spent, as he did many others which followed in its wake.

## CHAPTER III.

### HE CHANGED HIS MIND.

Six months had passed away, and not a sign from Clara that she was not enjoying to perfection her butterfly life. Frank sat in his office, moodily gazing into the fire. He now fully understood why the husbands of fashionable society women always looked so careworn and full of trouble.

His business, which he had thought commanded an income sufficient and to spare for the household needs, was beginning to show symptoms of falling short. Plainly something must be done. He sat there in deep thought until the darkness gathered around, and then, taking his hat from its peg, started for home.

Night again, and another dreary welcome.

No, as he drew nearer, he learned that it was worse than entering a lonely house.

His wife had company, and for a whole evening he must smick and smile, and talk with a set of silly women and empty-headed men.

His tea awaited him, as usual, in the sitting-room, lighted by the same dimly burning lamp. Vaguely he wondered if the girl never washed lamp chimneys. On the sofa was a bundle, wrapped in a fleecy shawl. Some lady had brought her baby, and left it sleeping there.

Dear little thing! Frank loved babies, and must take a sleep at the sleeping cherub. He thought with a sigh how his wife had once been wrapped up in her children, and now how willingly she seemed to turn them over to grandma or the servant.

Tenderly he lifted the shawl, when a round, woolly ball appeared, from which two little pink eyes blinked at him. He dropped the shawl and started back in disgust.

"The deuce!" he ejaculated. "Only a detestable poodle!"

Light footsteps sounded in the room, and his wife touched his arm.

"Isn't it the sweetest, loveliest little creature that you ever saw, Frank? And so good of Mrs. Ecleston to give it to me!"

Frank muttered some unintelligible reply, and turned to the table.

"Try and make out a supper, Frank. Hannah tells me you eat so little lately, and it will be some time yet before we pass refreshments: By-by; come into the drawing-room as soon as possible."

The next evening Frank Ivan returned home with a hint in his hand—the book Clara had wished for.

He found her out, and the children sitting gloomily by the window, with loneliness and discontentment plainly depicted upon their faces.

"A book for mamma!" cried Bess. "Oh, Willard! Wouldn't it be just jolly to come in from school and see her sitting by the window reading, as we used to see her?"

"I guess it would," said Willard, with a half sob. "She is so busy lately, and never tells us pretty stories like she used. I don't see what makes people be fashionable when it's such hard work."

"If we could only be fashionable too," said Bess, "and not be left at home or sent to grandma's, that would do very well; but society people don't like children. Mamma would never have given up reading and us, and become a fashionable woman, if—" And she glanced toward her father, who at once recognised the truth of his little daughter's unfinished sentence.

Would his wife as readily take the one he meant the book to give, and act upon it, as she had the other he had given? In his heart he said, "Heaven grant it!"

Clara smiled when she saw the book on the table next morning.

"Dear old Frank! He likes the 'blue' better, after all. Well, so do I."

The day dragged on rather slowly to Frank, who was looking anxiously forward to the evening. At his home-coming he ran lightly up the steps, feeling that he would be greeted with the sweet, old-time picture of his wife, arrayed in one of her neat home-dresses, spotless apron, collar and cuff, sitting by the window, reading, ready at the sound of his hand on the door to lay aside her book and give him a welcoming kiss.

He opened the door. Alas! the room was empty. Wearily he threw himself into a chair and buried his face in his hands. The door opened, and looking up, Clara stood before him, dressed for an evening at home.

He sprang up and clasped the little woman in his arms.

"Thank Heaven that you are here, and not gone, as I at first supposed! And now, darling, am I asking too much when I wish you to be again as you were in those reading days, the light and comfort of my home?"

"And do we owe nothing to society, Frank dear?" Clara asked with a quizzical smile.

"Society be hanged! Clara darling, I will buy a whole library, if you wish. Be a book-worm—a 'blue'—an 'indigo blue'—and write for the papers if you will—anything, my precious, but a fashionable society woman."

## THE READER'S BOOK-MARKER.

## SOME STORIES OF THE STAGE.

A FEW musical and theatrical anecdotes, culled from various sources, will this week vary our selections. We begin with the founder of the theatre in the Westminster Road which still bears his name.

OLD ASTLEY piqued himself extremely on suffering no imposition of any kind to be practised on the public at his theatre. Having ordered a drop-scene to be painted representing a temple, he was, on examining the performance, scandalised by observing that his artist had shortened the pillars in the background—in fact, that the pillar was so much the shorter as it was farther removed from the eye of the spectator. Having called the painter to account for this, in his judgment, strange irregularity, and being assured that the rules of perspective required it, he indignantly replied, "Don't talk to me, sir, of perspective—I know nothing of the rules of perspective; but I know the foot-rule, and I know by it that these pillars are not all of a length, as pillars in temples, or, what is the same thing, churches, always are; and I won't have the public imposed on, or defrauded of full measure of their pillars. They pay their money at the door to see pillars in my drop-scene, and they shall have good measure for their money, or my name is not Astley. Make them all of a size, sir, as I bid you, or I will find some one else that will." The painter did as he was commanded, and all the pillars were painted of such equal measure that the public had no reason to complain of any deception; it was the most candid of drop-scenes—there was no delusion in it.

ANOTHER time, the same worthy, seeing the trombone player in the orchestra doing nothing but patting the music-desk with his forefinger, while the rest of his brethren were scraping and blowing away as if their lives and souls depended on it, he asked him angrily, "Pray, sir, what is the meaning of this neglect? Why are you not doing your duty like the rest of the band?" "Sir," said the man, "there is a pause for my instrument, and I am counting the bars." "Counting the bars!" roared Astley; "why I don't pay you to come and sit here counting bars—I pay you to play to the public; and if you don't play this instant, I'll discharge you to-morrow morning. The public shan't be imposed on in my house. They don't pay at the door to see musicians counting bars, but to hear them playing notes."

ABRAHAM AS WILLIAM TELL.—When Rossini's opera of "Guillaume Tell" was in rehearsal at Drury Lane, Abraham proved himself so very indifferent a toxophilite in the celebrated trial to which Tell was subjected, that when the play was brought before the public, it was found necessary to have the arrow discharged by a skilful hand behind the scenes, Abraham covering the party and receiving the approbation due to another. On one occasion the arrow accidentally missed the apple, and Abraham, finding the audience disposed to a titter, threw them into a loud roar by advancing to the footlights and saying, "Ladies and gentlemen, it wasn't I who shot the apple!"

A FIRST TENOR HUMBLD.—At the time the celebrated Italian singer Farinelli was at the King's Theatre, after much entreaty and an extravagant reward, he was prevailed upon to sing at an entertainment given by the Duke of Northumberland, who assembled on this occasion a large company of nobility and other persons of distinction. The musical amateurs were waiting on the tiptoe of expectation to applaud his warbling, when he rudely sent a verbal message, that he was otherwise engaged, and could not possibly come to Northumberland House. His Grace was much mortified, and apologized to his friends for their disappointment. The Duke of Modena, to whom Farinelli was a subject, being at that time on his tour through England, and one of his Grace's company, de-

spatched one of his own servants to the singer, with orders for his immediate attendance. Farinelli came, a chair was placed for him in the room, and every person there, except the prince, stood up. "Does your Grace permit a public singer to sit in your presence?" exclaimed his highness; "we manage these things better in Italy. Farinelli, stand in yonder corner of the room, and sing three of your best songs, in your best manner, to the company who honour you with their notice." Farinelli trembled, and obeyed, and after his songs retired with a humble bow, receiving from the Duke of Modena at the same time a slight nod of approbation.

HANDEL IN CORNWALL.—Charles Dibdin used to relate a laughable story of some Cornishmen whom he met as he was travelling to the Land's End, bearing music-books and instruments. "Where are you going?" said Charles. "To church, to practice our music for Sunday," was the reply. "Whose music do you sing?" asked the poet. "Oh, Handel, Handel!" answered the men. "Don't you find Handel's music rather difficult?" said Dibdin. "Yes, it war at first, but we alter'd 'un, and so we does very well with 'un now." This was conclusive; the "bard of the ocean" threw them a crown, and bade them drink the health of the author of "Poor Jack."

GARRICK.—In an interesting letter written by the great actor, David Garrick, to his brother Peter, dated October 19, 1741, he communicates his adoption of the stage as a profession, premising that since he had been in business as a wine merchant he had "run out four hundred pounds, and found trade not increasing," and had now begun to think of some way of redeeming his fortune. "My mind (as you know) has always been inclined to the stage; nay, so strongly so, that all my illness and lowness of spirit was owing to my want of resolution to tell you my thoughts when here. . . . Though I know you will be displeased with me, yet I hope when you shall find that I may have the genius of an actor without the vices, you will think less severe of me, and not be ashamed to own me for a brother. I played Richard the Third to the surprise of everybody; and as I shall make very near £300 per annum of it, and as it is really what I doat upon, I am resolved to pursue it." In a postscript he adds, "I have a farce, 'The Lying Valet,' coming out at Drury Lane." In a letter dated November 10, 1742, he regrets the aversion still entertained by his family for the profession he has chosen, with such prospects of success, that he is "certain to make his fortune by it, if health continues." "Mr. Littleton and Mr. Pitt have been to see him, and have pronounced him the best actor the English stage has produced. He is in daily expectation of a visit from the Prince. He states his salary to be six guineas a week, and a clear benefit, for which he has been offered £120."

POLUS THE ACTOR.—When this famous tragedian was to play such a part as required to be represented with remarkable passion, he privily brought in the urn and bones of his dead son; whereby he so excited his own passion, and was moved to deliver himself with that efficacy both in words and gesture, that he filled the whole theatre with unfeigned lamentations and tears.

SINGULAR PRESENTIMENT.—A party were conversing one evening at a friendly meeting, in the neighbourhood of Brunswick Square, upon the loss of the steamship, "The President," in which poor Mr. Power, the expressive Irish comedian, perished. Mr. Elton, the tragedian, who formed one of the Company on the occasion, said, "Well, I have just concluded an engagement for Leith, and I am almost sorry for it." "Why?" said a friend, "why should you be sorry for it?" "I cannot tell," rejoined Elton; "but I have a strong presentiment that I shall share the same fate as my unfortunate friend Power." The company endeavoured to laugh him out of what they termed his folly; but what afterwards, to poor Elton's misfortune, proved a sad reality. The above is a singular circumstance, but may be relied on as a fact. It was stated in some papers, subsequently, that a bottle was picked up at sea, in which was a

statement of the time the vessel went down, etc., signed Elton.

BANNISTER, THE BASS SINGER.—A Miss Pouteur, a singing actress of some celebrity, lived with "Old Bannister." The lady one morning sent an excuse to Colman for non-attendance at rehearsal, saying "she had fallen down stairs, and was too ill to come out." Colman replied in this quatrain:

So Madam Dorcas! in your airs,  
You send me word you cannot stir,  
Because you tumbled down the stairs,  
And fell against a BANNISTER.

This pun, in a hundred various shapes, father and son would frequently use. In "Of Age To-morrow," the hairdresser describes his master as having fallen over the bannisters, on which Lady Brumback exclaims "that she wishes there wasn't a Bannister in the world." John's reply to this was: "In that case I should not have had the honour of waiting on your ladyship." This jeu de theatre was always as effective in Bannister's hands as the gravedigger's reply to Hamlet, when Quick enacted the man of waistcoats:

It's a quick lie, sir; 'twill away again, from me to you.

Old B. used to pass his nights in potations pottle deep, and when ascending the stairs to his dormitory, would hug the bannisters with an affection of mock sentimentality, and cry, "You're all my kinsmen, every stick of you."

COLMAN, though often writing new words to old airs, had an impracticable ear. When he was doing the farce of "Love Laughs at Locksmiths," Kelly could not teach him the air of the finale. In similar cases Colman usually asked his composers to write him down any nonsense that contained the requisite number of syllables. Michael was ill at these numbers, and could not comply. After many endeavours, Colman said, "I'll take a drop, and we'll try it after dinner." "Very well," said Mike; "but I've only some boiled beef and cauliflowers, and that won't be ready yet." Colman pondered a moment, and then burst out, "That will do it!"

## ORIGINAL IDEAS.

Boil'd beef and cauliflower,  
Ready in half an hour.  
Boil'd beef, boil'd beef,  
Boil'd beef and cauliflower.

## FINALE TO THE MEASURE.

Cupid inflaming them,  
Cupid inflaming them,  
Old men are fools then  
To ever think of taming them.

In this eccentric fashion was this weighty matter at last accomplished.

## THEATRICAL RIDDLES.

What character in Shakspeare, when played by Henry Irving, is like a vulgar adjective and an interjection?—Romeo. (Rummy—O—oh! oh!)

What popular play is like a breastplate?—The Iron Chest.

Why is a thin hand like the Lady of Lyons?—Because it is a Paw-lean (Pauline).

Why is King Richard III. like an utterer of base coin?—Because he made a bad sovereign, and wanted to "pass it off as a good one!"

Why was Macbeth altogether unsuited for the office of parish clerk?—Because he could not say "Amen."

NEXT month Mr. Holloway's magnificent sanatorium on Virginia Water is to be opened. This princely benefaction is currently reported to have cost a million of money, and in truth considerably more than half that sum must have been expended upon it, to say nothing of the endowments which its founder has expressed his intention of bestowing upon it. There is something pathetic in the interest which the king of the pill-makers has taken in the erection of this institution. His pleasure in life has not been commensurate with his marvellous success. He is somewhat of a hypochondriac, rarely or never seen to smile. His great charity has been his principal diversion from melancholy. Somebody suggests that the State should afford some recognition of his public spirit in the shape of a knighthood.



## THE HOUSEWIFE.

**TO PICKLE SPANISH ONIONS.**—Put the onions into cold salt and water, let them stand all night; boil the spice in white vinegar, let it remain till it is cold; drain the onions well and pour the vinegar over; they will be fit for use in a few days.

**ARROWROOT BLANCHMANGE.**—Take two ounces of genuine arrowroot, and beat it up with a little cold milk to about the thickness of cream; then boil a pint and a half of milk, and pour upon it, stirring it all the time; flavour and sweeten it to your taste; boil it ten minutes, stirring it all the time; pour it into the mould, and leave it till next day.

**ISINGLASS JELLY.**—Two ounces of isinglass to a quart of water; boil till it is dissolved; strain it into a basin upon a slice of lemon-peel pared very thin, six cloves, and three or four lumps of sugar; let this stand by the fire for an hour; take out the lemon and cloves, and add four table-spoonfuls of brandy.

**RICE SOUFFLE.**—Pick and wash a teaspoonful of rice. Put it into a saucepan, with a pint of milk sweetened to taste and a pod of vanilla; let the milk boil till the rice is thoroughly done. When cold, remove the stick of vanilla and work in the yolks of six eggs, one by one; then stir in the whites of eight eggs, whipped to a stiff froth. Pour the mixture into a plain cake mould; put it into the oven at once; bake for about half an hour, and serve in the mould, with a napkin pinned around it.

**LEMON SPONGE.**—Ingredients: Two ounces of isinglass, one and three-quarter pints of water, three-quarters of a pound of pounded sugar, the juice of five lemons, the rind of one, the whites of three eggs. Mode: Dissolve the isinglass in the water, strain it into a saucepan, and add the sugar, lemon-rind, and juice. Boil the whole from ten to fifteen minutes; strain it again, and let it stand until it is cold and begins to stiffen. Beat the whites of the eggs, put them to it, and whisk the mixture till it is quite white; put it into a mould which has been previously wetted, and let it remain until perfectly set; then turn it out, and garnish it according to taste.

**HORSERADISH SAUCE.**—Grate a quantity of horseradish; boil it in sufficient water to give it the consistency of sauce; add a pinch of salt and two or three table-spoonfuls of tarragon vinegar; then stir in, off the fire, a gill of cream, beaten up with the yolk of an egg.

**POTTED BEEF.**—Take cold boiled beef (the lean half of the round is the best adapted for the purpose), remove all the skinny parts, mince it fine, and pound it in a mortar with fresh butter till quite smooth, seasoning with nutmeg, black pepper, cayenne, a little mace, and salt if requisite. Press it very closely into small flat pots; clarify some fresh butter and pour over the top, and when cold, paper as jams and jelly, omitting the brandy.

**PRESERVATION OF EGGS.**—A simple plan, and one which has long proved successful, is to bury the eggs in salt; of course, the eggs must be fresh, and they should be placed upright, not on the side. In this way, eggs will keep good for a year. It is, perhaps, well to add, that this is an excellent mode of taking eggs to sea. The vessel in which the eggs are placed should be kept in a cool, dry situation; and a thick layer of salt should be placed at the top of it. As eggs will now be getting plentiful, and consequently cheap, it will be wise to think about laying in a store of them. In London, particularly, fresh eggs are, in the winter months, a delicacy scarcely attainable, and this merely from want of a little foresight.

**WINDOW BLINDS.**—Window blinds are usually fastened to the roller with tacks, before they are sewn on. The consequence is, that in the event of rain beating in upon the upper part, the tacks rust, and frequently cause stains of ironmould to appear through four or five folds of the holland. To remedy this, let the roller

be carefully pierced quite through, straight and even, with a small gimlet, in five or seven equidistant spaces, so that a large needle and coarse thread can be passed through it. The blind may thus be retained in its position with even greater facility than can be accomplished by means of nails. Many persons are accustomed to have their blinds entirely unmade prior to their being washed; but if they be carefully mangled, we see no necessity to cause so much extra work. When new ones are required, it is essential to know that the selvages of the holland must be cut off, or they (the blinds) will hang unequally, from the contraction of the sides, down which the selvages would extend.

**FRIED SOLES.**—It is not generally known to young housekeepers, that soles may be fried a considerable time before dinner, and suffer nothing in their appearance or flavour if laid on a cloth before the fire to dry. Where but one servant is kept, or the mistress obliged to perform any part of the cookery, this is a secret worth knowing; for by this means the important matter of preparing the fish can be got forward in good time, and not left, as is generally the case, to be performed after the arrival of the guests, or to interfere with the dishing up of dinner—which may be done as soon as they appear. The soles should be placed in a Dutch oven, with a bottom to drain off the fat; and a cold sole warmed up in this manner can scarcely be distinguished from one just fried. This management is, of course, applicable to any other kind of fish, particularly spitcocked eels; and the adoption of it will prove a great relief to the mistress of a small household, or to the servant of all work, giving them leisure to prepare the dishes, instead of appearing at table with a face scorched by the kitchen fire.

**TO PRESERVE MEAT AND BUTTER.**—Immerse the butter in a strong brine. In the same manner meat will keep well in wet weather; the brine must be occasionally re-boiled. The meat, when to be roasted, should be well washed and thoroughly dried, when it will roast very well, but will not look quite as brown as meat which is dressed quite fresh; it will, of course, boil perfectly well.

**TO POLISH MAHOGANY TABLES.**—Grate very small a quarter of an ounce of white soap, and put it into a new glazed earthen vessel with a pint of water. Hold it over the fire till the soap is dissolved; then add the same quantity of white wax cut into small pieces, and three ounces of common wax. As soon as the whole is incorporated it is fit for use. When used, clean the table well, dip a bit of flannel in the varnish when warm, and rub it on the table; let it stand a quarter of an hour, then apply a hard brush in all directions and finish with a bit of clean dry flannel. This will produce a gloss like a mirror, and, to those who dislike the smell of turpentine or oil, will be found very useful.

**IRONMOULDS.**—Spirit of salt, oxalic acid, salt of lemons, are the usual applications to extract these unsightly stains; and as they are all so much of the same nature, that, unless great caution be used in their application, the article will drop into holes, it becomes every mistress of a family to consider whether such a risk should be left to a laundress, or whether she be not the more likely person to effect a perfect application, as she must or ought to have her own interests at heart, more strongly than a person wholly indifferent to her. The only caution requisite, is to rinse the article thoroughly after the application, till, on applying the tongue to it, no acid taste remains.

**TO CLEAN MARBLE.**—Pound very finely a quarter of a pound of whitening and a small quantity of stone blue; dissolve in a little water one ounce of soda, and mix the above ingredients carefully, together with a quarter of a pound of soft soap. Put the whole into an earthen pipkin, and boil it for a quarter of an hour on a slow fire, carefully stirring it. Then, when quite hot, lay it with a brush upon the marble, and let it remain on half an hour. Wash it off with warm water, flannel, and scrubbing-brush, and wipe it dry.

## SCIENCE.

**WARMTH AT NIGHT.**—It is certainly conducive to health to maintain the body at a comfortable temperature at night, says "Knowledge"; but have a care in the choice of stoves to keep the room warm. Unless the products of combustion, produced by a gas-stove, are carried out of the apartment by a flue, they will counteract all the beneficial effects of increased warmth.

In a Royal Institution lecture, Professor McKendrick lately stated some interesting facts concerning the sense of taste. The base of the tongue, he said, was most sensitive to bitters, and the tip to sweets. To great taste, a substance must be soluble in the fluid of the mouth, but between the chemical condition of bodies and their taste no definite relation has been ascertained.

The Mediterranean Sea along the southern coast of France recently fell about a foot below its ordinary level and remained so two weeks. As there is scarcely any tide, the phenomenon excited much interest. Mons. Faye, the well-known French physicist, ascribes it to the high atmospheric pressure which prevailed over that part of Europe at the time, and has been exceeded only once in nearly a century.

In his testimony concerning colour blindness, before the House Committee on Naval Affairs at Washington, Dr. B. Joy Jeffries, of Boston, said that although the defect was almost always binocular—that is, affecting both eyes—it might come in one eye only. This fact has been discovered only quite recently. "It may develop itself as a result of injury, as it did in the case of a man who had been violently shaken up, and who was found in consequence to have become colour-blind in one eye. It may also be caused by disease, or by the poison of alcohol, or that of tobacco, and by either of the latter alone, or by both together." From this it would appear that the excessive use of tobacco can suffice of itself to produce colour-blindness.

**THE EXPANDING POWER OF ICE.**—Herr Bergh calls our attention to the powerful agency exerted by ice in severing rocks, of which he gives a striking instance occurring on the Aalesund in West Norway, where a low ledge rising out of the fjord is all that remains of a once extensive fjeld promontory, which, in the year 1717, was suddenly blown up and precipitated into the water by the force of the ice within the interstices of the stone. The winter had been mild, and during a rapid thaw a considerable stream had welled up from the ice-covered summit of the fjeld, and carried its waters into every crevice of the rock, when a sudden change of wind brought about a sharp frost, which turned the descending waters of the newly-formed stream into ice, arresting their course within the interstices of the rock. The result was the explosion of the entire mass of the fjeld below the outbreak of the stream, and its projection from a height of more than 1,500 feet into the neighbouring fjord, which engulfed the whole of the promontory, with its cultivated fields and farmstead. Simultaneously with the disappearance of the land below the surface of the fjord, a huge mass of waters was propelled against the opposite shore, carrying with it rusty anchors, boat rafters, and numerous other objects which had long lain at the bottom. The disturbance extended a mile beyond the point at which the land was submerged, and the waters in retreating carried with them a wooden church which had stood fifty years above the fjord, besides sweeping away all the fishing boats for a distance of two and a half miles. Before this occurrence, which was attended by loss of life to about a score of persons, the headland had been much resorted to on account of the halibut which abounded in the neighbourhood, but since that period the fish has never returned, a circumstance which, according to local popular belief, is due to the covering up by the infallible rock of certain submarine cavities and springs frequented by the fish.



[THE PORT OF LONDON.]

## THE PORT OF LONDON.

THE Thames—which rolls the wealth and luxuries of the world into “London, opulent, enlarged, and still increasing,” and passing through that mighty mass of buildings, streets after streets in endless continuity, from where it visits the stately seats of learning and royalty, Oxford and Windsor, and where it rises amongst the Cotswold Hills, to the Nore, where it finds the sea—has no view more striking than that which figures in our engraving. It is the great highway of that commerce which covers the ocean with its ships, and animates the most distant portion of the globe by its operations.

In the amount and magnificence of her trade, in its variety and extent, London infinitely surpasses all her predecessors. Tyre, Carthage, Alexandria, Byzantium, Venice, renowned as they were for commerce, seem but puny traders when thought of in connection with the gigantic trade of London.

The Thames, forming the Port of London, possesses in a singular degree all those conditions which are essential for maritime trading. Its geographical position—the numerous demands for articles of necessity and luxury of which it is the great centre—the wealth of the mighty city to which it so peculiarly belongs, and the vast nature of its manufactures—all point it out without parallel or rival as the great highway of commerce. No city was ever before so wealthy or so populous; and no city ever before so thoroughly combined the great elements of consumption and production.

The Port of London, moreover, is admirably situated for internal and external communication. It rules the whole shipping trade of the world, and provides many nations with their chief means of transport. Its position, both with reference to the coast and the concentrating lines of rail, cheapens the cost of the commodities brought to us from abroad.

The earliest mention of the Port of London as

a commercial centre is found in the following extract from the venerable Bede, who, referring to London as the capital of one of the smallest kingdoms into which England was then (A.D. 604) divided, speaks of “its happy situation on the banks of the noble navigable river Thames, the emporium of many nations repairing to it by land and sea.”

The real foundations of our commerce were laid by Alfred the Great, whose improvements in shipbuilding and the science of navigation were elements essential to its growth. In a succeeding reign, King Athelstan encouraged the pursuit of commerce by conferring the rank ofthane, or nobleman, on every merchant who made three sea-voyages with his own vessel and cargo. When traders found it necessary to combine for self-protection in a grand international confederation on the east shores of the Baltic in the eighth century, some of the Easterlings, who were, as Pennant says, “our masters in the art of commerce,” settled on the banks of the Thames in London, where is now the Victoria Dock, and to that fact the Port of London may in its beginnings be attributed, for to them the men of Rouen brought wine and large fish, and to them came the merchants of Flanders, Ponthieu, Normandy, and France, “who showed their goods and cleared their duties, as did those also of Hegge, Liege, and Nivele.”

William Fitz-Stephen, who died in 1191, describing the Port of London in his time, says:—

“Amongst the noble and famous cities of the world, this of London, the capital of the kingdom of England, is one of the most renowned, on account of its wealth, its extensive trade and commerce, its grandeur and magnificence. . . . To this city merchants repair from every nation in the world, bringing their commodities by sea:—

“Arabia’s gold, Sabana’s spice and incense,  
Scythia’s keen weapons, and the oil of palms  
From Babylon’s deep soil, Nile’s precious gems,  
China’s bright shining silks, and Gallic wines,  
Norway’s warm peltry, and the Russian sables,  
All here abound.”

In like way, William of Malmesbury, one of our most ancient chroniclers, speaking of the Port of London, says:—

“It is well filled with merchandize brought by the merchants of all countries, but chiefly those of Germany; and in cases of scarcity of corn in other parts of England, it is a granary where it may be bought cheaper than anywhere else.”

A writer who lived in the fifteenth century, describing London, said it was “preferred to any city of the west for population, opulence, and luxury;” and he adds: “It is seated on the river Thames, which, by the advantage of its tide, daily receives and despatches trading vessels from and to different countries.” In the same century the male and female artificers of London, having reported that they were grievously injured by the importation of foreign articles of quality inferior to those made by them, the Parliament prohibited the importation or sale of a long list of manufactured articles in wool, silk, leather, metals, and wood, which provoked reprisals abroad, the Duke of Burgundy, for instance, publishing an ordinance “never to be repealed,” stopping the importation into his dominions of English woollen cloth and yarn. It was “never” repealed—until 1467, when a new treaty of commerce between England and Burgundy put matters straight. Richard III. passed seven important Acts for the regulation of commerce and manufactures, restricting foreign trade. Henry VII. slightly modified these in a fairer spirit, but public prejudice restricted his desire for a more liberal trade policy, and how bitter and powerful that bigoted adherence to a protective policy was, is seen in the terrible riots of Henry VIII.’s reign known in history as the “Evil May Day.” The complaint then was that foreigners forestalled “the market, so that no good thing cometh to the market, which are the causes why Englishmen want and starve, while foreigners live in abundance and plenty.”

These are some few of the facts of interest belonging to the history of the Port of London.





["HE'S NOT COME, MOTHER! WHAT CAN HAVE KEPT HIM?" SHE EXCLAIMED, SADLY.]

## THE HIDDEN SPRING.

### CHAPTER I.

#### SOMETHING SUSPICIOUS.

A PRIMITIVE village on the sea-shore, with attributes of the olden days lingering about it everywhere; quaint homesteads among pleasant orchards, rising one above another on the white cliff side—corn-ricks and hay-stacks peeping up among them here and there—gardens full of old-fashioned cabbage roses, myrtles, white lilies, and crimson clove carnations; the principal street a series of rocky steps from the beach upwards, with luxuriant fuschias on either side, and tiny moss tufts filling in their crevices.

Such is Alpinglen; a strange little village to look at, quite romantic to dream in, and picturesque to paint.

High up among the chalk cliffs, with their fantastic drapery of wild foliage, a path winds among tangled grass, heath, and furze; now under oak and beech trees, yonder over an open glade studded with wild flowers, and anon past a rustic arbour half hidden with dog-roses, clematis, and the sweet amber honeysuckle.

The deer nestle among the green fern under the trees, crowning the solitude with a tender beauty of their own, and look up trustfully at you, with their soft pathetic eyes, as you pass; while the cooing of wood-doves and distant breaking of the sea waves fill the air with soothing sounds.

Over broken primrose covered slopes, on the other side of Alpinglen, you look down on a miniature bay, opening upon the ocean, a bay that is prettier to look at than prudent to steer through, by reason of the many sharp points of rock which underlie it.

Down this steep primrose glen, almost hidden by overhanging hart's-tongue, trickles a tiny stream, making its way to the sea, with a rip-

pling plash that, in the hot summer time, is deliciously refreshing to listen to.

Far away, at the back of the village, stretches a wild, wide common, blown over by the most joyous and health-giving sea breeze, to which the breath of the little white camomile flowers growing thickly among the short grass on the waste adds a subtle sweetness, that does not, by any means, detract from the exhilarating tonic of the fresh salt air.

The surroundings of Alpinglen would be very incompletely enumerated if we omitted to mention Linden Isle, a lonely yet fertile spot, rising abruptly out of the sea some couple of miles in front; it has only one accessible approach, a rocky, wave-worn, wind-beaten staircase, slippery with weed flung on it by storms, and roofing a mysterious cavern, now a shelter only for rabbits and sea-gulls—at least, so it is supposed—but once notorious as a smugglers' haunt.

Two or three cheerful little farms, a dilapidated chapel, and a lighthouse are to be found on this island; also a few fields of corn and grass, some patches of gorse thronged by honey bees, beds of wild strawberries, endless quantities of pink thrift, and of single crimson peonies, which latter have for centuries flaunted their rosy blossoms in the summer sunshine, and, after a brief but brilliant bloom, flung them heedlessly down over the crag into the misty, dashing breakers below.

It was the custom of the villagers on summer days to picnic on Linden Isle, and for this purpose a special boat, called the "Blue Iris," was kept at the little landing-stage of Alpinglen, piloted by one Tom Hardy, as honest-hearted an old sailor as ever crossed the seas.

Many were the merry parties, rustic and otherwise, who used the "Blue Iris," in time of strawberries and peonies, to ransack the island's treasures, and to enjoy the delicious cream, fruit, brown bread and butter, tea, shrimps, eggs, honey, and crisp lettuces, which were always producible in abundance and perfection at the farms.

It was a beautiful evening in April; the day's

work was over, and the farmers on Linden Isle, whose strong, healthy partners and rosy children were busied in some home duty or pleasure, were suppering up their cattle, or sauntering about their fields, or weeding their gardens, or smoking their pipes in the quiet sunset, when one of their little lads ran hastily into his mother's kitchen, with a scared look on his face.

"And what's the matter now, Jem?" asked the mother, calmly.

"Oh, there's such a lot o' strange noises going on in the cave down yon, mother, an' lights a-flickerin'! I seed 'em through the chinks!"

"Well, and what of that, child? You're always hearing and seeing things that no one else does; if you let your fancies master you like this, Jem, you'll never be half the man that father is. Why, I daresay, now, the rabbits are just having a spree in their burrow, that's all; and as for the lights, most likely it's a lot of glow-worms—I saw one last night, myself, among the grass under the apple tree. So, come along, child, and don't go frightening yourself for nothing; it's afraid of our gentle old cows and sheep you'll be next; even the little lambs, if you don't take care, to say nothing of the turkey cock and gander," laughed the mother.

"No, mother," said the boy, smiling faintly; "it's not like I'd be afraid of any o' them; but even Mr. Wilmot himself, who was walking like the wind down to the landing-place, looked quite white when I told him as I thought some wreckers had come by, and we'd be having a false beacon-fire soon some night, to bring a poor ship into—"

"Wreckers!" interrupted the mother, in a merry voice, with a view to dissipate her child's morbid fancies. "Wreckers! who ever heard of wreckers now-a-days, except in some old got-up fairy tale? And, besides, what in the world would wreckers do here, I'd like to know? And then, where's the storm to tempt them, if there be such things? The sea's as calm as the milk

in your basin, and the ships are all sailing right away under the sunset. You wouldn't like me to tell father of all this, Jem, I'm sure; he'd laugh at you so! And Mr. Wilmot must have thought you a little fool, which is a pity; only next time he comes over from Alpinglen you'll show him his mistake, won't you, my own boy?"—kissing him. "And now, child, supper's getting cold, and I've a lot of ironing to do, so you must help sissy to a nice bit of apple-cake and what else you find," saying which, she pointed him to a snug seat by the gay light of a cosy little fire, and pretended to be very busy herself over her ironing.

But, in truth, the good woman had lately had suspicions of her own that some sort of smuggling was going on, in a quiet way, among the sea-caves; she had noticed one evening, too, what appeared to her fancy, a ship of strange build, moving about, in a furtive manner, without nearing the shore; but, as no one else seemed to have observed it she kept her own counsel. Now, however, she determined to hint her surmises to her husband, that he might just do the same to the coast-guard, whose flag-staff was run up conspicuously on the headland, about a mile beyond Gallantry Peak—the last of the three rustic harbours of renown on the cliff, the other two being known respectively as Senhaves and the Shepherd's Rest.

It was a date to be remembered in the annals of Alpinglen and Linden Isle, had any one noted the same; for, if watchful eyes had been on the alert that night, they would have detected the form of a boat, dark and still, lying to under the island rock, not near the accustomed approach, but just where the shadow fell broadest and deepest on the water.

The moon was silvering all things round her; the air—odororous with a mingled breath of seaweed and cowslips—was so still that nothing was stirred to the slightest movement by its fragrant presence, and the only thing under heaven that seemed conscious of the midnight calm was that "uncanny" boat awaying ever so slightly on the waves, helplessly, reluctantly, and—apparently—empty; yet, like some evil thing lurking in the dark, ominous in its very silence.

Presently a low voice sounded from it:

"Hisht, lads! look out. What's that?" and a raised finger indicated a near ledge of the lower rock, on which a human form was distinctly outlined in the clear moonlight.

"If not a dead man, he'll be one in half an hour when the tide's up!" was the reply, in an equally guarded whisper, that seemed but the prolonged murmur of the incoming waves; and the speaker, hitherto invisible, rose up from his recumbent posture, and leapt on to the ledge.

"Stop, Frank, stop! are you mad?" urged the other, in an excited whisper. "This will just ruin all; he's sure to be one of the coast-guard; let him alone, I say."

"Couldn't, Jack. He's no more coast-guard than you are; just a tourist lost his footing, and got stunned, that's all. Come, mate, there's a good fellow, give me a helping hand to get him into the craft; he just breathes, and no more. A spiece of humanity will never hurt our trade, and we'll make him useful, no fear, out at sea."

He whispered all this with the rapidity, but without the noise, of a telegraph wire.

The help was sullenly accorded, the inanimate form lifted into the boat—which rocked a little with the movement—and then the same deep quiet reigned as before.

Far out at sea, moveless on the waters, and invisible to any eyes on either shore, halted a rakish, suspicious-looking ship. Who might tell her mission?

It was past midnight, and still the phantom boat waited on, in dead silence, under the overhanging rock. At last a great bank of clouds passed heavily over the moon; in an instant, as if by magic, sail was made, and with rapid but stealthy movement the weird thing shot out into the deep waters, a small black speck, receding farther and farther from Linden Isle, drawing nearer and nearer to that strange, mysterious ship out in mid-sea, until at length it was lost in the thick grey fog of early morning.

## CHAPTER II.

### A DISAPPOINTMENT.

Several hours before all this, while it was yet afternoon on that April day, a girl of some twenty summers or so, issued from one of the prettiest gardens in Alpinglen.

She paused at the gate to look back and kiss her hand to her mother, who stood under a porch half hidden with a wealth of golden laburnums, watching, with very pardonable pride, this, her only child, start forth on her happy walk, to meet her fiancé, and bring him home to a rural tea; for John Ambrose—to whom the girl was engaged—had just been made partner in an eminent firm of solicitors, at Brendon—the county town some thirty miles distant—and had written to say he was coming that afternoon for the last little visit he could manage to pay before their wedding, which was to take place on the 1st of May!

Radiant looked Helen Gwylliam, with the love-light shining in her large, violet-grey eyes, the glow of the carnation's bloom in her clear complexion, and the April sunshine playing in her rich brown hair.

She formed as sweet a picture as one could wish to see, standing thus, a moment or two, in a soft dark cachemire dress and mantle, her girly-hat, with its clusters of delicate pink briar-roses, partly shading her fair face.

One more wafted kiss to her mother, one more wistful look towards the sea, a little bending forwards to smell the opening blossoms of a beautiful syringa-bush beside her, that gave its name to her home, "Syringa Lodge," and then, with a caressing gesture to Daphne, her little old fox-terrier, who was impatiently waiting to accompany her—off she bounded on her way to the appointed rendezvous.

How animated, how happy she looked as she flew along the Cliff path, calling merrily to Daphne, and laughing as she caught the echoes of her own voice resounding among the rocks!

Did no shadow on the sea, no sigh in the breeze, no presentiment within herself, warn her that some great sorrow was at hand?

The afternoon waned; the sun set, in a glittering haze of gold and crimson, over the opposite coast; the evening wind began to sweep up, chill, along the top of the cliffs; a dim, misty twilight set in, and—Helen returned, alone, to Syringa Lodge.

Pale, weary, sad, she hardly noticed now even her little faithful Daphne, who crept close beside her, sympathising, and protecting, with those large, loving eyes, evidently reading, and as evidently striving to lighten her trouble.

"Good evening, Miss Gwylliam," said a voice in the twilight, as she was entering her home gate; "you've had a long walk, I suppose, and forgotten that it's getting late, these short April days."

"Oh, Mr. Wilmot! good evening," she replied, in a tired voice, and closed the gate. If he had expected an invitation within, he was mistaken.

"He's not come, mother! what can have kept him?" she exclaimed, sadly, as she took off her bonnet, and flung it on a chair. "The Brendon train arrives, you know, at Bluff Point in ample time for a boat on here; and he was only just going to get up a few peony roots at Linden Isle as he rowed by. I've been straining my eyes looking at the different boats on the water; not one of them came near Gallantry Peak; I can't understand it!"

And Helen clasped her hands in an agony of distress.

"Don't so agitate yourself, my dear child," said her mother, soothingly; "a dozen causes may have delayed his coming; he may just have missed the Brendon train by a minute, or found, when he arrived at Bluff Point, that the tide would not serve for a row in this direction, and, if so, he would have to take the coach along the old road to the 'Spotted Deer,' and that, you know, is a much longer way round; he couldn't come in for half an hour yet. Come along, darling, and see how prettily Betsy has set out our tea-table; the radishes alone are a perfect

pyramid of blended colour—red, white, and green—who knows but our absentee may turn up, after all, in the middle of our bohemian feast."

To some women is given, in an eminent degree, the power of comforting others. Mrs. Gwylliam possessed this power, and presently Helen sat down to the tea-table, calmed and even hopeful. A few hours at furthest, and, with the sunrise, would surely come the satisfactory explanation of her lover's absence.

The evening, as usual, in that peaceful, well-ordered little household, closed with family prayer.

Can the giddiest, most worldly, most fashionable of mortals, be ever so senseless as to forget, that everything in which they take pleasure on earth has been lent them by One who can withdraw the loan at a moment's notice, if He so please? and, that, in common gratitude, it behoves them to acknowledge their enjoyments, and, in self-interest, to entreat their continuance? Ay, and this, too, is the lowest light in which to regard the innumerable mercies and blessings that daily surround us!

## CHAPTER III.

### "BEWARE! OH, BEWARE OF THE SMALL, RICHED SPRING!"

Two summers passed; the autumn of a second year arrived; but nothing had been heard of John Ambrose.

Nothing!—except that the boat he had hired that April day at Bluff Point for his row to Alpinglen had been found next morning, floating, keel upwards, a little off Linden Isle. That was all.

Long did Helen refuse to believe that he could be lost to her—he who was so full of strength, youth, health, and bright, warm love; so full of life and energy, and every fresh, high, generous emotion; he could not be taken from her like this.

"No—no—not until his—dear body is washed ashore—will I believe it possible!" she moaned.

Yet, mechanically, she folded away the soft white silk, the simple pearl necklace, the wreath of orange and myrtle buds, and the white tulle veil that had been laid out so heedfully in her dressing-room for the 1st of May!

At length the conviction of the terrible truth was forced upon her mind, and for weeks her life hung in the balance.

But she was young; her strength—mental and physical both—was great; her faith in her Creator greater still; and her heart turned instinctively to hope and light, as a lark to the summer skies; so she recovered from the awful shock by degrees and grew resigned.

As the summer wore on, she would be for hours among the long, sweet, flower-laden meadow grasses, pondering, dreaming, praying, till, at last, she rose up, with a healthful strength, to mind her daily work, recognising the sacred duty of kindness to everything with life—and so with feeling—in it; devoting herself to her widowed mother's comfort, brightening up every fisher's hut on which a shadow ever fell, and gladdening every poor, desolate little wail that ever crossed her path, whether child, dog, cat, bird, or insect.

Ay, and she grew even happy also, at last, in this active, useful life of hers—this abnegation of self, and tender regard for others; so that, although the one great, beautiful joy-blossom, which had once expanded so brilliantly in her heart, had all as suddenly faded out of it—like the evanescent glory and fragile sweetness of the asphodel—she gave no sign of suffering, that so her presence, instead of casting gloom, should shed a cheering influence everywhere—everywhere, that is, where hearts were open to such impression; for some, alas! there are impervious to kindness lavished on them, as coarse swine are to delicate pearls!

One great source of consolation also she enjoyed in Effie Ambrose—John's only sister—having come to live with her mother and herself at Syringa Lodge. Effie had found Rowanok



—her brother's house at Brendon, which he had once made so happy a home for her, and which they had both united in still further beautifying for Helen's coming, as its future mistress—all too large and lonely to reside in after his death, and she had therefore found a tenant for it, and gone to stay with those to whom she was linked by so tender a tie, and to whom her presence was a constant spring of solace.

Her invincible good temper, cheerful, gentle ways, and utter incapacity of unkindness, also the sweet expression of her eyes and mouth, were so many endearing points of resemblance to him who was so loved and mourned by them all.

For her sake, as well as because she saw it gladdened her mother's heart, Helen—who never considered her own feelings when she could add to the innocent pleasure of others—now consented to join, occasionally, in the blackberry gatherings, nutting expeditions, and gipsy picnics, which took place, on fine days, among the beautiful autumnal woods round Alpinglen.

There was something in these impromptu sorties at once harmless and refreshing, and the two girls, who declined all ball-room invitations, both enjoyed with a pure if chastened joy these little informal meetings among the fair scenes of Nature.

Pleasant was the woodland repast, and pleasanter still the ramble through the ruddy apple orchards, and along the lanes of honeysuckle, skirting the ripening cornfields, with their crimson poppies, and purple heartsease, and blue corn-pinks, and delicate convulvuli, twining round the wheat-stalks, like the dreams, romance, generosity, and poetry that mingle ever with a beneficent life.

On one of these occasions, however, an occurrence took place which, though insignificant in itself, was eventually the means of bringing a terrible tragedy to light.

The party had scattered themselves into little knots of twos and threes, and so it happened that, for a few moments, Helen found herself the sole occupant of a lovely bend in one of the lanes.

The temporary solitude suiting her vein of thought, she sauntered on more slowly still, pausing to look down into the heart of a fair wild flower in the hedge, and build a thousand fancies from its delicate, mystic hues; for her's was a warm, poetic temperament, vividly imaginative, and alive to all loveliness in nature. Thus dreaming, she was suddenly startled by a man vaulting over the bank and alighting close beside her.

The unexpectedness of such an apparition made her heart quail with fear, and she thought, with vexation, of the very loneliness at which she was previously rejoicing.

The next instant, however, an apology, tendered in a familiar voice—one, indeed, of her own picnic party—re-assured her.

"Did I startle you? I'm so sorry"

And, looking up, she met the gaze of Mr. James Wilmot fixed upon her, full of regret for her alarm.

A handsome-looking young man was Mr. Wilmot, enjoying a very good income and comfortable residence of his own, with pleasant garden, paddock, and lawn attached to the house. For a long while past the village gossip had been that he was an admirer of Miss Gwylliam, but whether likely to be a successful one or not, in the end, remained a problem.

Strange the perversity of human nature; for, while, on his part, he loved her with a passion bordering on infatuation, she, on her's, regarded him with a sentiment almost akin to antipathy.

Perhaps it was her very indifference that originally piqued his amour-propre into an intense desire to win her; at any rate, she had long become the one sole object of all his thoughts and dreams. With great self-restraint, however, he had hitherto avoided betraying his feelings to her, as his instinct told him the uselessness of doing so while affection for the memory of her former lover was still so evidently cherished in her heart; but this unex-

pected opportunity seemed now made for him, and put all prudence to flight. Vehemently, passionately, he urged his suit.

"So long I have waited on, at a distance, thinking, hoping, surely you would see, at length, the uselessness of living on a mere vain memory—" (his voice quavered a little)—"and give me the only thing I covet in the world, your love! Be my wife!"

"I cannot!" replied Helen, indignation and distress crimsoning her cheeks. "Never, Mr. Wilmot! It is cruel to take advantage of my position to address me thus."

"Cruel? cruel?" he repeated, almost beside himself with passion. "What can you mean?" Then, growing calmer: "Pray, forgive me; I've been too precipitate; I ought to have waited longer, but this opportunity for saying what I have been longing to say for more than a year came so unexpectedly, I—I could not help myself. I've a comfortable home, a good fortune—all I lay at your feet; think over it, I implore—"

"No!" again interrupted Helen, with warmth; "do not delude yourself with any such fallacy; it would be wrong of me to let you do so; my whole heart is in that watery grave out yonder! I shall never change. Oh! Mr. Wilmot, you should have spared me this!"

Her eyes travelled anxiously up and down the lane, in the hope some friend might be at hand, and, to her great relief, the next moment, the sound of approaching voices met her ear, and, sweeping round the bend of the lane, came Effie Ambrose, accompanied by her picnic partner, for the moment, Mr. Johnstone.

Effie quickly read the look of disturbance in Helen's face, and, leaving her companion, linked her arm in that of her friend.

"Fancy, Helen!" she exclaimed, "just a little way on, the ground is a mass of the most beautiful pansies I ever saw; there must have been a garden there once upon a time; and wasn't she a lovely girl, gathering some of them, as we passed, eh, Mr. Johnstone?" glancing merrily back at the two young men, who were now walking somewhat silently together.

"Yes, indeed, Miss Ambrose; as tawny a young gipsy as ever pillaged wood or lane," he replied, lightly.

"Gipsy?" echoed Mr. Wilmot. "What, are any of them here still? They had warning to quit the neighbourhood months ago."

"Oh! I daresay," replied Effie, with a gay laugh, "yet one of them has certainly disregarded the warning. I wish you had seen her, Helen! She is graceful as a fawn; her complexion a clear olive with vivid crimson under it; large splendid eyes—I hardly know whether they are violet or brown—and a quantity of magnificent purple-black hair. Her dress a sort of plaid; a black cloak with scarlet hood, and black bonnet with a wreath of poppies; in her hand a bouquet of many-coloured, delicate wood-flowers, which, of course, she asked me to buy. There, now! Haven't I given you an artistic sketch?"

"Indeed, you have, Effie; so clear that I seem almost to see the young gipsy herself; but you did not buy her flowers, I perceive?"

"No, dear; well, at least, I paid for them, but would not take them. You know my idea about gathered flowers," she continued, warmly, "how soon they droop when wrenched away from the free, fresh brightness in which they live among their own surrounding leaves. No! it pains me to pull a daisy from a meadow brimming full of them, for nothing can shake my belief that the little blossom FEELS! Its stem cannot be pinched and broken, and its flower-head fall in consequence, fade, droop, die, without proving itself sentient."

Helen fully shared Effie's sentiments on this subject, though she knew they were deemed eccentric by their acquaintance generally. Which of them were right, and which wrong, may one day be known.

They had now come in sight of the haunted oak, under the shadow of which a goodly-looking feast was spread; raised pies, apple tarts, refreshing lettuces, golden and purple plums, walnuts, pears, cake, and sparkling wine looked

tempting enough before their eyes as they approached. In another moment, a voice broke on the air singing, with the clearest intonation:

Take you my flowers, my flowers for gold,  
For silver, for copper, and I will unfold  
A fortune as happy as ever was told.  
Ta ra la! ta ra la! ah, what do I sing?  
Beware! oh, beware! of the small hidden spring!

A loud clapping of hands, followed by a louder shout, announcing the luncheon to be ready under the haunted oak, drowned the conclusion of the song.

"Come along, Helen," laughed Effie; "that shout stands for the gong, and we must leave our wood-nymph and her minstrelsy for our al fresco feast. I am dreadfully hungry, aren't you?" And off they started for their picnic dinner, while, within a few yards of them, on a mossy stump, hidden by a tangle of underwood, sat the gipsy girl, whom Effie had so much admired among the purple pansies.

She had been practising only her usual song, while reckoning up her coins and flowers together; not altogether hopeless, perhaps, that some scraps of those nice things which, peeping between the branches, she saw there in such abundance, might fall to her share by-and-by.

At any rate, they did so; for the wandering eyes of one of the party presently discerned something scarlet moving among the bushes.

"Our prima donna, for a penny!" cried he. "Your pretty gipsy, Miss Ambrose; look there! I vote now we have an encore."

In a very short time she was fêted to her heart's content; for the party, actuated, some by kindness, some by curiosity, and some by the love of novelty, willingly gave what they could so well spare, to talk with so pretty a specimen of the Romany.

She was asked also to sing her song over again; which she did, willingly and saucily enough.

"What do you mean by the hidden spring?" asked one. "Is it the river's source among the hills, or the Wishing Well at Dingle? Both have a legend, we know; but why we should 'beware' of it is more than I can guess. Can you tell?"

"I have not crossed the palm of any hand here," she replied, significantly; "therefore, how should I tell? Maybe it's but the brook's cradle, up away there among the cliff-tops, as you say, lady; or, oracularly, 'you may find out for yourselves, some of you, why you should fear it, one day.' A look of irony, just too kindly to be scornful, played in the lustrous, dreamy eyes of the gipsy, as she went on: "We don't reveal secrets for nothing; it's not professional. Give me gold, and you shall be told. But I don't expect it," she added, smiling. "Thank you, pretty ladies, for all this sweet fruit and nice cake; there's some in our tent will thank you, too!" And, darting a look of the keenest contempt at Mr. Wilmot, who was the only one of the party who had not noticed her in any way, she turned and walked away.

"No painter could ever find a fairer study for—"

"A browner one, you mean," interrupted Mr. Wilmot, with a satirical laugh that had a ring of unreality in it.

"Why, Wilmot, what has made you so savage?" said Mr. Johnstone. "You never even so much as once looked at her, though she—"

"Savage!" repeated Mr. Wilmot, in a tone of surprise. "I don't understand you!"

"Well, it was not very polite—scarcely natural—to turn your back so persistently as you did, when she stood there lovely enough for a painter's model, a poet's dream!"

"Let the painters and the poets have her, then," said Wilmot; "one of a race of vagabonds who have been warned off the place again and again. I was only too forbearing not to remind her of the notice to be off from Alpinglen months ago."

"By Jove!" returned Johnstone, "if I'd only an artist's wand, you should see her in the Royal Academy next May! A prettier picture could scarcely be designed than this gipsy girl, with her picnic group in the background, and, for scenery, the wood."

"Every one to his taste," said Wilmot, shortly. "As I said before, I don't affect gipsies; they're not in my line."

"Perhaps the Hanging Committee of the season might share your opinion," was the reply, with an inflection of contempt in his voice.

"I'm so glad you've seen her, Helen, dear, my beauty of the woods! Isn't she lovely?" said Effie, regarding Mr. Wilmot with a look which brought a wave of colour surging darkly in his bronzed cheeks as he perceived it.

However, "the feast was over" in Alplingen wood, and the afternoon sped pleasantly on. Blackberries, nearly enough to supply the whole village with jam, were gathered from the brambles, and, at length, just sufficiently tired with the day's rambling and excitement to make a quiet home-tea particularly enjoyable, the party, by degrees, found themselves all settled down to that cheerful meal in their own respective domiciles.

(To be continued.)

### FARMER JOHN AND I.

We stood together in early spring.

Farmer John and I;

Together we heard the wild bird sing,

Farmer John and I;

But few can thrive on songs or flowers,  
So in toil we passed youth's morning hours;  
He turned the furrow and dropped the seed,  
He sowed with clover the waiting mead,  
He pruned and grafted the orchard-trees,  
He planted the garden and hived the bees;  
And I kept the cottage trim and neat,  
While love made labour light and sweet  
In the home of Farmer John.

We stood together in summer-time,

Farmer John and I;

We heard the brook's slow-measured rhyme,

Farmer John and I;

But we could not wait to dream, for lo!  
If hands were idle, the weeds would grow!  
So he toiled the tasselled corn among,  
Adown the clover his scythe he swung;  
The path that away to the sheep-field led  
Echoed early and late his cheerful tread;  
And not till the stars shone out at night  
Was there rest or ease by the fireside bright  
In the home of Farmer John.

We stood together in harvest-hour,

Farmer John and I;

To count the wealth of the autumn's dower,

Farmer John and I;

The huge, slow-moving, loaded wain  
Had homeward brought the ripened grain;  
The barns were filled from floor to eaves  
With fragrant hay and close-bound sheaves;  
The trees had showered their fruit of gold  
Far more than crowded bins could hold;  
But better and best of all, we knew,  
Had been love's sunlight, warm and true,  
In the home of Farmer John.

We stood together on winter's crest,

Farmer John and I;

We saw the sun fade out in the west,

Farmer John and I;

But what though Spring, with its birds, had fled,  
And what though summer flowers were dead!  
The song and fragrance that could not sleep  
Were hid away in our hearts to keep!  
And happy are we, though years roll on,  
Till all life's summer-time is gone,  
And e'en its harvest-hour is past,  
For love, we know, will bloom to the last  
In the home of Farmer John.

THE story is told of a canny Scot, who, having recently lost his wife, was receiving the commiserations of a friend. "You have had a great trial, Mr. Campbell." "Yes, sir, you may well say that," was the reply. And then, pausing, with a shake of his head: "Not only was it a great trial, but, let me tell you, a matter of considerable expense."

### A R T.

PERMANENT COLOURS.—In Muckley's "Hand-book for Painters and Art Students," lately published by Messrs. Ballière, Tindall, and Cox, the author gives a list of stable and fugitive colours, based upon the results of actual experience. A prefatory letter from E. J. Poynter, R.A., to whom the work was submitted before publication, cordially endorses the statements of the author. The following list of colours, when properly manufactured, are as stable for water-colour painting as for oil, excepting only Flake White, which can be used in oil-painting only:—

Chinese White	Madder Carmine
Zinc White	Rose Madder
Flake White (White Lead)	Pink Madder
Aureolin	Genuine Ultramarine
Lemon Yellow	Fictitious Ultramarine
Yellow Madder	French Ultramarine
Yellow Ochre	Cobalt
Transparent Gold Oxide	Cerulean
Raw Sienna	Transparent Green Oxide of Chromium
Burnt Sienna	Opaque Green Oxide of Chromium
The Orange Cadmiums	Viridian
Orange Vermilion	Terre Verte
Naples Yellow	Purple Madder
Field's Orange Vermilion	Gold Purple Cassius
Chinese Vermilion	Rubens Madder
Vermilion	Vandyke Brown
Scarlet Vermilion	Raw Umber
Extract of Vermilion	Burnt Umber
Venetian Red	Brown Madder
Light Red	Rubens Brown
Red Ochre	Ultramarine Ash
Indian Red	Blue Black
	Ivory Black

Mr. Muckley adds a supplementary list as follows, which, though permanent, he considers unnecessary to the artist:—

Blanc d'Argent, or Silver White	Bistre
London and Nottingham White	Bone Brown
Roman Ochre	Caledonian Brown
Brown Ochre	Cappah Brown
Oxford Ochre	Chalons Brown
Stone Ochre	Cologne Earth
Di Palito, or Light Yellow Ochre	Verona Brown
Cadmium Red	Uranium Brown
New Blue	Manganese Brown
Blue Ochre	Mineral Grey
Scheele's Green	Mixed Grey
Cobalt Green	Neutral Grey
Olive Oxide of Chromium	Lamp Black
Olive	Mixed Black
Mars Violet	Black Ochre
Cobalt Purple	Bone Black
Mars Brown	Frankfort Black
Mixed Citrine	Manganese Black
	Mineral Black
	Purple Black
	Spanish Black
	Black Lead.

### SIR BOYLE ROCHE.

SIR BOYLE ROCHE was a well-known politician in the Irish Parliament—when Ireland had a Parliament—and he was the member on whom, towards its close, devolved the task of supporting the light and comic parts in the nightly performance of the session. It was he who was destined to relieve the dull sombre character of political discussion, and convert the House into a scene of merriment. If by legitimate means, so much the better; if not, by any substitute calculated to produce the desired effect. Sir Boyle was a staunch courtier, who voted uniformly on the Ministerial side, and it was universally allowed he did it more essential service by his address than many others of equal zeal, and perhaps greater ability.

"I wish," said he, one day, when opening an anti-Ministerial motion, "I wish, Mr. Speaker, this motion at the bottom of a bottomless pit."

At another time, in relation to the English connection, he observed, "England, it must be allowed, is the mother country, and, therefore, I

would advise them (England and Ireland) to live in filial affection together, like sisters, as they are and ought to be."

A question of smuggling practices in the Shannon being under consideration, "I would," said Sir Boyle, "have two frigates stationed at the opposite points of the river, and there they should remain fixed, with strict orders not to stir; and so, by cruising and cruising about, they should be able to intercept everything that should attempt to pass between them."

These effusions never failed to excite laughter, but though that national figure of speech, vulgarly called a "bull," was that in which he most delighted to indulge, and which flowed most naturally from his tongue, he sometimes displayed, if not genuine wit, yet something akin to pointed satire and repartee. This was exemplified in his remarks upon a speech of Mr. Curran, containing the following passage:—"The honourable and learned gentleman boasts that he is the guardian of his own honour. I wish him joy on his sinecure."

It was an opinion that much of his blundering was affected, and resorted to as a substitute for argument when the merits of the question could not be successfully met by his friends, and were thus sought to be avoided.

Mr. Yelverton, afterwards Viscount Avonmore, when in opposition to the Government, was expected to take a leading part on a particular question; Sir Boyle had spoken on the debate, and had been called to order by that gentleman, who followed him; but he had not advanced far in his speech when Sir Boyle started up and called him to order. Mr. Yelverton sat down; a pause ensued, after which Sir Boyle said, "Sir, you may go on." Mr. Yelverton resumed, and had just arrived at an interesting part of a powerful, eloquent and impassioned appeal, when he was again called to order by Sir Boyle. The latter, as on the former occasion, did not attempt to point out where the orator was disorderly. Mr. Yelverton, who was a man of a warm temper, with difficulty restrained his passion within bounds of decorum, and remonstrated loudly against such strange conduct; but, Sir Boyle, as before, observed with perfect composure, "Sir, you may go on." Mr. Yelverton was now approaching the close of his speech, when Sir Boyle rose again and called him to order in a still more earnest tone. This was too much for human endurance; Mr. Yelverton arraigned this irregular conduct in the most indignant terms. The Speaker expressed strong disapprobation of these interruptions, and Sir Boyle was peremptorily required to explain, which he did by simply stating, and without the least apparent emotion: "Mr. Speaker, I do not conceive in what my conduct is more disorderly than that of the honourable member. He called me to order, and why should I not be at liberty to call him to order in my turn?" The gravity and apparent simplicity with which this excuse was offered had the desired effect of exciting laughter, in which the friends of Sir Boyle heartily joined, conscious that by the course which he had pursued their formidable opponent had been perplexed, and the force of his speech impaired, if not frittered away.

Sir Boyle was a tall, handsome man, of mild and very gentlemanlike manners. He had been an officer in the army, and had seen some hard service in America. The gravity of his deportment—for he never appeared sensible of his blunders, nor shared in their effects—rendered his unconscious efforts to excite merriment the more efficient.

He was a native of Kerry, and possessed in an eminent degree the rich brogue peculiar to that part of the country, which harmonized admirably with the matter and manner of his harangues. Happening to be in the neighbourhood when Mr. Fox visited the Lake of Killarney, he politely offered to become his cicerone, an office which furnished him with the following anecdote of that celebrated orator:—"When he arrived at the top of Mangerton," said Sir Boyle, "what did Charles Fox do, but strip off his clothes like a Newfoundland dog, and plunge into the lake."



## A NIGHT OF PERIL.

It is dark and cold without, this December night, and the snowflakes are flying, like frightened fugitives, before the wintry blast which, ever and anon, shakes my window-shutters angrily, and howls at the angles of my domicile, as if it would delight in making war on the summer-like temperature which—thanks to glowing faggots of well-seasoned maple—reigns within.

The genial temperature within leads me, very naturally, to contrast it with the inclemency outside.

The lost wanderer on the plains and the tempest-tossed mariner, God pity them to-night!

By the association of ideas my thoughts are turned back sixteen years, and fancy wanders

On the golden shore of sweet long ago,

when we were tenting in the Black swamps of western Ohio. The voice of the warring elements calls from slumber to-night the recollections of a half-forgotten episode, a night of peril, the memory of which the lapse of sixteen years has not wholly obliterated.

Camp life was new to me, and around our lodge in the wilderness my imagination, which was wrought on, doubtless by the well-remembered fairy tales of childhood, created airy visions which, if transferred to canvas by a master hand, would eclipse the scenes in that famous spectacular drama, "The Black Crook." Nightly I saw the fairies dance. Often while my comrades slept my imagination was revelling among the deepening shadows which walled us in; and after Morpheus with impalpable touch had closed my eyes, I saw Artemis, the goddess of the woods, and her fair wood-nymphs in huntress attire, standing guard around our tent. Or, aroused by the wolf's howl—so plaintive, so mournful, and with a quivering appeal like the despairing wail of a lost soul—I lay "with my back to the field and my feet to the"—fire, gazing at the stars, which, in my glowing fancy, became so many celestial lamps to light the shades of departed huntsmen to that Happy Hunting Ground—"the land beyond the blue."

Camp life, as I have said, was a new sensation; experience don't quite express it. Our camp was located in the heart of a dense forest, which, excepting a few trees that had been felled by bee and racoon hunters, was yet in a state of primitive wildness. The soil is fertile and humid. The elm, sycamore, cottonwood, burr oak and the black ash grow large and tall. I have seen cottonwoods as straight as a ship's mast, one hundred feet to the first limb and one hundred and thirty feet to the topmost twig; and black ash less than twenty inches in diameter and one hundred feet in height. The cottonwood grows in the lowest-lying land, which, during the rainy seasons, is covered with water. The surface is more nearly level than Lake Erie—calm days excepted, and the sand ridges, seen here and there, commemorate the fact that, in the perhaps not very remote past this whole swamp region, embracing portions of five or six counties, was the bed of a lake or a part of Erie.

A few days previous to the night about which I am going to write by-and-by, I had killed my first deer; had done it neatly, handsomely, artistically. It was passing me on the full run at sixty yards, broad-side on, when six out of fifteen ducksnot, hurled at it from a double-barrelled gun of the cheapest quality, caused it to turn a somersault.

Now I trust that the Rev. Adirondack Murray, who, when his rifle fails, avails himself of an hereditary "tremendous grip," and seizes the fleeing deer by his tail, will take a charitable view of the fact, should it chance to come to his knowledge, that I "dropped my first deer with a "murderous old blunderbuss." In his "Camp Life in the Adirondacks," over which I have shed a flood of tears, the offspring of laughter,

he says: "A man who drops his deer with anything but a single bullet should be hooted out of the woods."

That is the Rev. Mr. Murray's view. "With malice toward none; with charity for all"—not excepting the much-abused pot-hunter—is another man's view.

Before taking leave of his book, I wish to recommend the chapter on "Jack-shooting in a Foggy Night" to all who relish a hearty laugh, as well as to those who are afflicted with chronic dryness of the eyes. Should it fail, which is possible, but not probable, try "Crossing the Carry."

But to resume.

Two days later, with that same "pot-metal" gun I had killed clean, at seventy yards, the largest doe I had ever seen; her estimated weight dressed was one hundred and fifty pounds. These were the first and only deer I had ever shot at.

Game was fairly abundant and in variety. There were pigeons, quails, ruffed grouse and turkeys; red, black, and grey squirrels; rabbits, deer, and now and then a bear. And of animals not game, there were owls, hawks, ravens, foxes, wild cats, porcupines, raccoons, ground-hogs, catamounts, and wolves. And, too, there were bee-hunting and wild honey for those who had a penchant for such sport. None of these animals were numerous, but they abounded in sufficient numbers to give zest to the sport.

Up to this time we had had a jolly, rollicking time. The weather had been unusually fine, even for October, the most bewitching month of the twelve; the month which, for seventeen consecutive years, with but one exception, I have dedicated, wholly or in part, to Artemis, the goddess of the woods. But, to-day, the sun went down behind an ominous cloud which, unfurling, threw a weird gloom over the forest. The leaves of the great cottonwoods, in seeming consciousness that behind that frowning scroll the Storm King was marshalling his forces, ceased their wonted tremulous motion. The smoke of our camp fire lingered near the ground. The blows of the axe, wielded by the sturdy huntsmen, went sweeping through the dark labyrinths of the forest with unwonted resonance, rendering by contrast the portentous calm more strikingly apparent.

In the meantime darkness had encompassed the earth. Our camp fire, gleaming with unnatural brightness, only "served to render the surrounding darkness visible." The fair earth seemed to be passively awaiting the impending burst of wrath.

Everything being ripe for the onset, the Storm King brandished his flaming sword; it gleamed for an instant, like red-tongued fire, revealing his visage, now black with the fury of pent-up rage, and eager to buffet the earth, rend her forests, and deluge her plains.

An appalling burst of thunder, swiftly following the fiery flash, shook the passive earth. A raindrop fell here and there; then the clouds opened their windows and drenched everything beneath them. The winds came with fearful violence, bending, breaking, hurling, and crushing the trees. For a time there was a continuous roar of commingling sounds, while, at brief intervals, rising above its average volume, and following swiftly in the wake of the lightning's flash, which, consuming the darkness, revealed chaos, deafening peals of thunder buffeted the trembling earth.

The stately cottonwoods and ancient oaks, forgetting their pride of stature and ancient birth, bowed in deprecating humility to the angered blast, but bowed in vain. Some were left like Naomi, leafless, branchless trunks, their sundered limbs scattered far and wide; some were torn to shreds by the lightning's bolt, while others, whose vitals had been stricken with decay, were snapped in twain or torn up by the roots. Here and there one of tougher fibre—forest Sampsons or Goliaths—wrestled successfully with the blast; but, alas! at these Sampsons and Goliaths, Jove, jealous of the prowess of the wind, hurled his fiercest bolts.

"Alas! ye sons of strength! ye ancient oaks! . . . that reared your branches on high, and

laughed at all the winds, your time was come!"

And so—we feared—was ours.

In the wars of the elements, the exhibition of the sublime and the terrible so overshadows the physical powers of poor, finite man, he shrinks into the insignificance of an atom. Measured by his intellect, man is the giant of the earth; measured by his physical strength, he suffers in comparison with the flea, which has a thousand times his agility; the passenger pigeon, in a half hour, will pass over an intervening space which to man would be a toilsome day's journey. The condor, soaring so high in the air as to appear a mere speck, can sight his prey, while to man it would be invisible at the distance of a thousand feet; and in the paw of the lion is concentrated the strength of a score of prize-fighters.

By the aid of his intellect, man, making servants of the forces of Nature, transmits news, sends greetings, issues commands with more than a thousand times the swiftness of the carrier pigeon; he calls to his aid machinery which is capable of exerting a power greater than the combined strength of a hundred elephants; he arms himself with weapons which at the distance of a mile or more, are capable of dealing a death-blow to any animal that walks the earth.

By aid of his intellect? What if he had been created with hoofs instead of hands and feet? as some one once asked.

My neighbour over the way—Don Quixote, I call him—would probably answer thus: Why, sir, in reference to that matter, wherein is this: he would have been a Centaur.

But seriously; deprive him of tools, and man, of all animals, is the most helpless.

More than once during that night of peril, we stood, as we believed, face to face with the pale-face messenger. To a man in the prime of life, in vigorous health, and bound to life by the strongest of all ties, in the absence of passion, without the hope of reward or the anticipation of glory, there is a supreme solemnity in the contemplation of death, vis à vis, when to resist is hopeless, and escape impossible.

Man is the most courageous, as well as the most cowardly, being in animated nature. Heroism is one of the precious few things which this Juggernautish world delights to honour and reward. The hero is supposed to survey all terrestrial things from the highest niche in the temple of fame; therefore man aspires to heroism. I would not, however, have it understood that if some ingenious Yankee should discover and patent a cordial, a few drops of which would insure the prolongation of life and health and vigour for a thousand years, there would be a dearth of customers for his panacea. He would only have to say: "Come unto me, all ye to whom life is sweet! and in exchange for a bottle of my thousand-year cordial, give me that which ye have, even to the last farthing," to congregate the human race.

While the storm was at its height, not a word was spoken,

And deadly paleness sat  
On every face of man, and every heart  
Grew chill, and every knee his fellow smote;  
None spoke, none stirred, none wept; for horror held  
All motionless, and fettered every tongue.

Suddenly, after the storm had spent its fury, a star peeped through a rift in the clouds, while Ginger, arising to his feet, exclaimed, "Light is breaking!"

After replenishing the fire, which the rain had almost extinguished, we circled around it, some sitting and others standing, gratitude for our deliverance from peril unscathed driving away the last vestige of sleepiness.

In the course of the conversation which followed, each one gave his experience. They were marvellously alike. The ruling question with each had been: "How shall I save myself?"

A WOMAN'S heart is like a fan—and why?

'Twill flutter quickly when a beau is nigh;  
And he oft times with gentle speech will take it,  
Play with it for awhile, and, maybe, break it.

## DRESS AND NEEDLEWORK.

At a recent fancy dress ball two of the dresses were quite new, and attracted great attention. One was the submarine telegraph, composed of tricolour flags wound round the skirt, which, with the bodice, was a pale sea-green; the ornaments were little silver chains and grappling-irons, and round the throat and trimming of the bodice were pieces of red sea-weed, which really had been found adhering to an old cable when brought up from the bosom of the deep; there was also a piece of real cable twined round the skirt. Another dress was that of a pink and white fuchsia. The wearer of it was small, but the fuchsia fitted her, and she apparently got into it by tearing up the two back leaves and having them laced together when she had got inside; the sleeves were fuchsias, and the dangles fell over the arm down to the elbow, being made of pearls or assorted beads; the cap was becoming, and was a complete fuchsia; the necklace and bracelets had several small fuchsias hanging from them. Another dress was that of an ambulance nurse: a black stuff dress, with a white apron and a natty little white cap; she carried in her apron-pocket little books with lint and sticking-plaster, ostensibly for the wounded on the battle-field.

The latest fancy in America with the newest wool goods is to have them plumetis, that is, to appear to be hand-embroidered, though the polka dots, moons, stars, blocks, and parallelograms strewn upon them without stint, are brocaded by machine, and the embroidery on the selvages for trimming is all done by machinery. These figures are done on nuns' veiling, and in contrasting colours, such as red on blue, sky-blue on dark-blue, salmon on bronze, white on blue, salmon on navy-blue, etc.

An excellent design for a morning dress for indoor wear is the "Margot" wrapper. It is shirred at the neck, and back and front of the waist, and is trimmed round the bottom with a shirred flounce. The skirt is moderately long. The "Sutherland" costume is a very pretty design for washing materials, and will be as much worn this season as last. The "Mirabel" is also excellent; it has a quaint, graceful sleeve, and may be arranged in several different ways. The straight flounces may be placed upon the front, and the skirt draped at the back, or it may be gathered plain or plaited.

A very pretty evening dress we recently admired was made of satin merveilleux; the colour pink, the trimming Aurellac lace and pink roses. The skirt has draped sides, which are bordered with lace, and full back breadths that are extended to form a quarter-train. The corsage is pointed, and is fastened in the back, is without sleeves, and is completed by a shoulder-cape composed of rows of gathered lace, which terminates on each side at the square opening of the front. The latter is surrounded by a garland of pink roses and foliage, and partly filled in by a plaited crepe lisse tucker.

The new raw silks for dresses please æsthetic tastes, as they are of quaintly beautiful colours, oddly blended in vague, indistinct patterns, and the fabric is soft, light, and semi-transparent. The foundation of this new stuff is fine wool, like that of nuns' cloth, and the figures are put on in raw silk, leaving a rough, irregular surface that entirely conceals the wool. Stained-glass designs, bits copied from illuminated missals, and the most decorative fancies appear in these, combining pale blue with green, pink with brown, grey with rose, etc.

A favourite kind of luncheon basket is of strong willow, supported by sole-leather straps, and having leather lining and waterproof cover. A case with the top is made to contain knives, forks, and spoons. Plates are secured within wide belts or pockets lining the sides; tumblers protected in close fitted chamois cases, which contain, in addition, napkins, a flask, a sandwich box, and lastly, a little crystal barrel of salt, divided to contain pepper at one end. The cases are of various sizes, being fitted up with reference either to a small or a large company.

## SHAKESPEARE'S BIRTHDAY.

For a month proverbially consecrated to folly, April has been strangely fertile in great men. They grow in clusters, like nuts. Thus, the 22nd is the birthday of Henry Fielding, the 23rd of Shakespeare, and the 24th of Oliver Cromwell. What an association! The Hogarth of authors beside him who combined the varied excellencies of all his tribe; and both beside him who wrote his stern thoughts with sword-blows.

Shakespeare is the greatest riddle that the world has known. People think they know the author of the plays that bear his name, because a name, and nothing more, is attached to them; and they thought that they did not know the author of Waverley Novels, because Sir Walter Scott would not confess to them. It is strange to what a degree we are the slaves of words! What have we of Shakespeare but his name, and two or three anecdotes, the one half of which gives us no idea of the man, and the other is of doubtful authority. Shakespeare's plays are the voice of nature, that every one feels—and so little does anything we know of himself chain us down to an individual author, that we feel in reading them they may be viewed as spontaneous growths, as well as the merest "primrose by the river's brim." There is something mythological and pleasing in the thought; and the identity of the dramas with nature harmonizes with it. In other plays, however natural and skilful the plot, however true the passion, there is something in their cut-and-dry arrangement, and in the vague universality of their imagery, that reminds us their home and dwelling-place is in the pasteboard and canvas world of the stage. But Shakespeare's plays, although firmly knit and framed, containing nothing that does not tend to the denouement, seem to the unobservant eye to ramble on in an easy gossiping way to the close; and they are redolent of meadows and woods. They ought to be performed, as Milton's "Comus" was, on the greensward, before some tangled grove. The reality of their poetry is so strong, that the makeshifts of the stage show poorly beside it.

The question has been started whether Shakespeare was conscious of his own powers. A certain knot of critics will have it that he was something like his own "Touchstone," that he could not "be ware of his wit till he broke his shins over it," and that this accident never befel him. They argue that he was well on in the years of manhood before he betook him to the rhyming trade; that he threw out his good things as want forced him; that he was a jolly fellow, and fond of company; that he retired, long before he could be called an old man, to his native place, abandoning literary labour, and leaving his works to take care of themselves. All this is very ingeniously noted; but let us hear Shakespeare himself.

He was not insensible to the arrogance with which persons engaged in the active business of life were apt to look down upon those whose business it was to mimic their strut and pretensions. It appears from his hundred and eleventh sonnet, that he felt deeply the unjust contempt with which actors were regarded in his time.

"O for my sake, do thou with fortune chide  
The guilty goddess of my harmful deeds,  
That did not better for my life provide  
Than public means, which public manners  
breeds;  
Thence comes it that my name receives a  
brand,  
And almost thence my nature is subdued  
To what it works in, like the dyer's hand."

But he seems also to have felt that his jovial and mercurial disposition exposed him to the censure of the sourer sort nearly as much as his profession. Witness the following sonnet:

"Tis better to be vile, than vile esteem'd,  
When not to be receives reproach of being,  
And the just pleasure lost, which is so deem'd  
Not by our feeling, but by others' seeing."

For why should others' false, adulterate eyes  
Give salutation to my sportive blood?  
Or on my frailties why are frailer spies,  
Which in their wills count bad what I think  
good?

No,—I am that I am; and they that level  
At my abuses, reckon up their own.  
I may be straight, though they themselves be  
bevel;

By their rank thoughts my deeds must not be  
shown;

Unless this general evil they maintain—  
All men are bad, and in their badness reign."

One so sensitive to public opinion was not likely to come so frequently before its tribunal in the character of a dramatic author, without seeking to scan his own merits. No one who reads Shakespeare will accuse him of want of variety; but we find uniformly that those least apt to repeat themselves are also the least easily satisfied with their own efforts. In one of his sonnets, we find him taxing himself with monotony of style and thought, and seeking to obviate the objection by what has rather the air of forced conceit:

"Why is my verse so barren of new pride?  
So far from variation or quick change?  
Why, with the time, do I not glance aside  
To new-found methods, and to compounds  
strange?"

Why write I still all one over the same,  
And keep invention in notched weed,  
That every word doth almost tell my name,  
Showing their birth, and where they did proceed?

O know, sweet love, I always write to you,  
And you and love are still my argument;  
So all my best is dressing old words new,  
Spending again what is already spent:  
For as the sun is daily new and old,  
So is my love, still telling what is told."

But the most desponding appreciation of his own poetry to which we find him giving vent is in his thirty-second sonnet:

"If thou survive my well-contented day,  
When that churl Death my bones with dust  
shall cover,

And shalt by fortune once more re-survey  
These poor rude lines of thy deceased lover,  
Compare them with the bettering of the time;  
And though they be outstripped by every pen,  
Reserve them for my love, not for their  
rhyme,

Exceeded by the height of happier men.  
O then vouchsafe me but this loving thought,  
Had my friend's muse grown with this growing  
age,

A dearer birth than this his love had brought,  
To march in ranks of better equipage;  
But since he died, and poets better prove,  
Their's for their style I'll read, his for his  
love."

The uniform gentleness of Shakespeare's muse, and his apparent carelessness of the world's opinion, do not, therefore, prove that he was without his anxieties on the score of his reputation. They only show that he had the sense and strength of will to conceal them. This is all the difference between manly endurance and whining complaint. Not to be sensible to the want of success, is not to be a man; but weakly to bewail it is to be "the baby of a girl."

As a poetical speaker as well as an artist, Mr. J. E. Hodgson, E.A., takes high rank. In some recent and most able "Hints to Art Students" he says: "Art is only the reflected mind of man—not trees nor stocks nor stones, nor any mute unthinking thing, can add one cubic's stature to its growth; 'tis from within, from the far-reaching thought, the wide view, the focusing of all phenomena into the mind, and finding there their due place and circumstance, that great works come—by the judicious blending also of impressions received from nature and common to all, with perceptions of the central truth, which can only be arrived at by reason."



# THE CITY FLOOD.

BY AN OCTOGENARIAN.  
(COMPLETE IN THIS NUMBER.)

## CHAPTER I.

In the month of December, many years since, a fearful rise in the waters of the River Clyde carried away the stone bridge which crossed it at the foot of the since immortalised Saltmarket-street of Glasgow. The day is still memorable in the annals of that city, but still more so in my private history, and the records of my recollection blend with those of my love, for, old and dull and cold a bachelor as I am now, I have loved.

There is, or used to be far up on the wall of a building, at a great distance from the usual channel of the stream, an indentation cut to show the height to which its waters rose, and an inscription to tell the tale.

The tablets of my heart have a more deeply engraven line—a more enduring impress and record of that day of desolation.

The waves arose to the limit there defined, and they left everything beneath it as they were before. From me all that preceded that tide-mark of my fate is left away, or left shattered and broken; and still it would appear as if the gloomy waters rose above and passed beyond even that boundary, for, welling out from the fountains of a melancholy memory, the flood yet seems to sweep along the heart it left a desert. Marian was the only woman I ever loved. Dark-haired, bright-eyed, and nineteen, it is little to be wondered at that I doted on her. Yet it was her refined mind and good heart that fixed into lasting love and esteem what had else been but fleeting admiration.

But I cannot describe her, although in all her girlish beauty she seems still before me. Her father was a respectable tradesman, who resided, fatally for me, in the lower part of the city.

Modern improvements have swept away the last relics of a building where Cromwell resided for a time, and Prince Charles is said to have lodged when in Glasgow. Its historical associations and venerable exterior long made it an object of interest to the antiquarian and the stranger. Its having been the dwelling-place of Marian Arthur made me mourn its fall.

My mistress was too artless and candid to conceal her passion, and her widowed father too indulgent to throw any obstacle in the way of her happiness.

The wedding day was fixed and the wedding garments waiting for the wearers. A trivial circumstance deferred my happiness and our union for a whole month, as we then thought, for the corresponding day of the succeeding one was determined upon as that fittest for the festivity, which could not be celebrated till the 18th of November; but we could then see nothing to prevent our marriage on the 18th of December.

Marian's father was married on that day of the calendar, and he had been so peculiarly happy as a husband, that he seemed almost to think that no man could be equally fortunate unless he were married on that identical day.

The early part of the winter had been very open, and the great quantities of rain which fell around Glasgow and in the Upper Ward of Lanarkshire had repeatedly swollen the river Clyde to an uncommon height. But the house in which Mr. Arthur resided was so far from its banks that none of the successive spaces ever reached nor ever really approached it.

At length, however, the frost set in with sudden and keen severity. In a day or two after a temporary thaw followed, and was speedily succeeded by a considerable fall of snow, which lay on the hills above the county town and around the mountain of Tinto to a great depth.

The frost again became intense, but was of brief duration; for, returning from a wedding party at an early hour on the morning of

Saturday it seemed to me to be increasing in bitterness; but on rising from bed after a short rest, I found torrents of rain pouring down, the wind blowing a gale from the westward, and the air unnaturally warm. In the city the thaw was instantaneous and almost magical in its operation, sweeping, in a few hours, the streets of their accumulated ice.

The gale increased as the day wore out, and the rain descended without intermission till evening, when the fury of the elements seemed to abate. About nine o'clock on Saturday evening there was almost what the sailors call a "lull," and everyone thought that the storm had entirely ceased.

Although I dwelt in the city, remote from Marian's home, many of our evenings, as might have been expected, were passed there in the delightful anticipation of the approaching time when all our hours of leisure should be spent together.

The business of the week concluded, I hastened to seat myself beside my industrious betrothed, who would hardly cease to ply her needle or lay aside her work even when my arm, hanging over her chair and perhaps even intruding round her waist, interfered with the swift, graceful motion of her hand in sewing.

My request that she should be idle for a time was but half conceded. But, then, she was busy with preparations for her new station—household comforts for her future husband. And she could speak and look—oh! speak by matches, and look by glance, as she raised her head from her task, when so employed, more beautifully, as it seemed to me, than any other who had nothing else to do, and whose only object was to attain admiration.

Thus seated, we did not observe that the wind had again risen, and the rain began to pelt against the casement, until I made my first threatening motion for departing. This, of course, preceded my actually effecting it about an hour; but during that time it was evident that the storm had resumed all its violence. Besides this, we were told that the river was rising, and that those who lived near it were deserting their houses; but the thought of danger to the place where we sat never once occurred to us.

Eleven o'clock arrived, and with a reluctance I was loath to exhibit, and could not then account for—but which was the same sensation the very brutes feel at impending calamity—I bade Marian good night, and proceeded to my distant home.

It was in vain that I sought by occupation to weary myself into sleepiness when I had arrived there. The tempest increased, and with it my restlessness and agitation.

To bed, however, I went, but certainly not to rest, for as the watches of night wore on the gale became a hurricane, and came in such terrific gusts of violence as, each of them, to threaten the destruction of everything that opposed its fury.

In the midst of these, and even louder than its noise, was heard ever and anon the crash of some chimney that had given way, or the rattle of slates and shingles torn up from the roofs of tenements, and precipitated into the streets.

The scream of human voices and the yelling of dogs followed these, and added to their horror, and, Sabbath morning as it was, the roll of the wheels of carts, hastily summoned to bear away household furniture from dwellings that the affrighted tenants deemed insecure, on account of their exposure to the tempest, to places of greater strength or better sheltered, had a very peculiar effect in heightening the impression of sudden danger and well-grounded fear.

It was as if some other element—that of fire—had been ravaging the neighbourhood. And it occurred to almost everyone that if that were to break out, with such a wind to foster it, the consequences would be terrible, beyond even apprehension.

Twice or thrice the terror led to the anticipation, and the alarm was actually, but erroneously, given. It was impossible to remain in bed.

The frightful thought flashed across my brain

that the gale, setting so from the westward, and the snow melting with such unprecedented rapidity, the one swelling and the other stemming the river, might bring its waters even to the dwelling of my darling. Fearing this, I hastily grasped at my clothes, that I might personally ascertain whether there was a chance of her suffering inconvenience.

Danger I could not dream of from the stream; and the lowness of the site of her residence, while it might expose it to the flood, protected it from the gale. I dressed, and made for the door.

It was impossible for me, however, to pass through it. Beset by an agitated mother, and screaming sisters, and younger brethren, I was taunted alternately with caring for my own safety above theirs, or for that of another individual more than my "born relations," and reasoned with and assured that there could be no possible danger elsewhere, as the Clyde had never been known to rise to the height of Mr. Arthur's dwelling-house.

After having, however, obtained the promise that, with the first light of morning, a messenger should be sent to ascertain if our friends in the lower part of the city were in safety, and on hearing the wind gradually abate and the rain cease, I fell into a slumber, which continued agitated, indeed, with dreams of alternate vague delight and dim, dreary horror, but unbroken until far into the morning of day, whose rays had been religiously excluded from my pillow. Once awake, however, it was but the work of a moment to ascertain that no messenger had been sent, and to prepare, personally, to ascertain the welfare of my future wife.

By this time the day was shining as unclouded and bright as if it had been a forenoon in spring, and the wind now blew with no more violence than served to dry up almost every vestige of last night's deluge in the higher streets of Glasgow.

The bells were ringing for church service, and the villagers passed calmly along, as I appalled myself with something like deliberation.

It seemed impossible that anything could have happened to Marian's home, since not one vestige of all the crashing havoc we had heard appeared in the broad and sunny light of day, the few chimney tops and slates which had accidentally been overthrown with a noise so disproportionate to the real danger and destruction having been decorously removed from the Sabbath path of the church-going crowds.

I began to feel, at noonday, almost ashamed of my midnight apprehensions, and however rapid my pace might be, as I made my way into the city I did no more than walk. I even paused for a moment to answer an interrogatory from a passing friend, so assured was I, willing to think myself that my fears had been visionary.

The City Cross was at length passed; but I ran as I approached that bend in the Saltmarket beyond which, when turned, I could see the building that held all I loved on earth.

A crowd hid its lower part from me, but a glance told me all was secure near its roof.

The throng extended, as it seemed, so far beyond her residence as to block up the street at the point where it opened upon St. Andrew's Square. I was but a moment in penetrating the outer rank, and finding myself a few steps farther on the verge of a vast body of sullen and muddy water, which stretched thus far up, and onwards beyond the place where had stood the opposite end of the distant bridge, that now in vain I looked for!

It had been swept away in the rapid and mighty current which threw its superabundant streams thus far into the city streets.

All was desolation below where I stood.

I was horror-struck at the sight before me, of houses whose first floor windows, from the declivity of the descent towards the river, were almost under water, and hence the thought that Marian and her father might have perished in seeking to escape in terror from the flood.

But it occurred to me that though it could not reach their own apartments, it might yet endanger the safety of the whole tenement,



[SHE RAISED HER HEAD FROM HER TASK.]

and, at the worst, imprison them, and separate her from me until it subsided. The inhabitants who had not escaped from the shop and lower floors of the houses between the place where I was and the river were all crowded in the upper flats of these tenements, whose windows, crammed with the terrified population, contrasted strangely with the utter solitude near the street, where every opening was closed, and not a living thing visible.

The carcasses of drowned domestic animals, filth, and fragments of furniture floated around, but beneath the second stories of the houses vestige of animated being there was none.

Boats could not be produced from the harbour, and carts did not then, as now, in similar emergencies, ply through the stream; indeed, the water was much too deep for them, even if they had had a dry spot to resort to after passing through it. The wailing of women and children, driven from their houses, and the chattering inquiries of idlers asking for particulars, which those who knew were too deeply affected to communicate, prevented my eager questions as to Mr. Arthur's and his family's safety being answered.

At length I found one who said—blessed words—that he could assure me they were still in their own house—and in a security their elevated position ensured them. But then, he told me also, that it was but three or four hours since it became impossible to reach them, by the increase of the flood; so that my delay, my

confidence, my hope, had exiled me during her danger from my sweetheart's side.

Had I hastened at an earlier hour to assure myself of her safety I should have shared her imprisonment, and been with her in case of peril. This was, indeed, a bitter reflection.

After as careful a survey of the position and depth of the water as my perturbation and self-reproach would permit, and being assured that a boat was hourly expected from some quarter or other, I judged that if I could procure a horse I might go so far down as to obtain a glimpse of Mr. Arthur's windows, and perhaps see Marian at one of them.

A proffer of about as much as was the value of the brute procured me the loan of a miserable creature from a carter who unharnessed the animal; and on its naked back I rode into the water, till it reached my knees and the girths of the hack, who then would go no farther. I, however, obtained my purpose.

The jeers of the crowd and the awkward spluttering of the animal, unaccustomed equally to the water and to being rode upon, attracted to the windows all who could spare a thought from their own fears. Marian opened the case of her room and looked out. A glance showed me that she was safe and her that I was an object of not uncalled-for merriment to the gazers.

I perceived this myself, but not till the wave of her kerchief told me all was well, and the arch

nod of her head showed she was sufficiently at her ease to smile.

I returned happy, yet, shall I confess it, almost angry too.

The waters continued to rise, and, as the wind had abated, it was obvious that the melting of the snow was the cause. Of course, it was impossible to guess at what hour there was a chance then of their subsiding.

I hesitated for a time whether to exhibit any further violence of anxiety to reach Mr. Arthur's, or to wait for the expected boat which was to be employed in carrying provisions to the besieged.

As I paced to and fro upon the margin, on which the rising waters still seemed to encroach, the delay of its arrival at length became intolerable. The day wore on, the churches emptied their crowds to throng to the scene, and return again to the sermon with a tranquility which I envied. At length, chafed into contempt for even the titter of a hundred gazers or the deprecatory smile of my mistress herself, I retraced my steps to the Trongate and pursued its westward course towards the Broomielaw, anticipating the possibility of procuring there a boat and a couple of rowers from one of the vessels in that harbour.

In my anxious haste I had forgotten that the same river which leapt over its bounds at a higher part of its course was not likely to confine itself within them so much farther down its channel.

As I might have anticipated, I found the scene at the Jamaica-street bridge—which the elevation of its Broadway enabled me to reach—one of wider desolation and far more awful grandeur than the circumscribed one I had left.

Placed on its centre arch and looking upward it seemed as if some mighty transatlantic stream, and not an island river, rolled along in terrible depth and irresistible might between banks whose edges were steep and abrupt indeed, for, defined only by the fronts of the far-separated lines of houses which stood many feet distant from its usual channel, but close beside which it now rushed furiously by in boiling eddies and clay-coloured waves, fearful in their silent, unfoamy turbulence, although for their fury we could perceive no adequate cause.

Beneath the bridge the waters rolled with thundering turmoil, and all of it that could not escape through the roomy arches, worked up into yeast by the resistance of the abutments, raged noisily and furiously through the ornamental circular openings placed above them. Looking down the stream, where, if there was less turbulence because there was greater room for expansion, the prospect was not less terrible and uncommon, between the houses, far remote from the breastwork of the harbour, and those on the opposite shore, still more widely separated from the broad and rushy bank of the river by a pasture, park, and road, there was but one vast channel for the sea-like stream that filled it brimmingly. The water appeared to extend far up the streets, which on either hand opened laterally from what seemed now but the stone edging of this gigantic canal or vast basin; and the long line of vessels, secured to their usual rings and fastenings on the quay, and riding either close to its front or over its top, as their cables gave them space, looked but a large fleet at anchor in the middle of the stream.

At the moment I turned my face westward a little boat had broken from its fastenings, with apparently but an old man and a boy on board, and was reeling down the eddying current in drunken-like whirls, while the ear shrunk from the screams of the helpless extremes of existence on board of it, as did the eye from their peril—a peril from which they could escape only by the miracle of their barque being speedily driven on the level shore, or running foul of some larger vessel which could stand the shock. Of yawl or pinnace there was not a vestige in sight. Everything without a mast that was not swamped had been hoisted up into snug security on the decks of the larger vessels they attended; and to my hurried and, I fear, incoherent inquiries whether I could hire



a boat and some rowers to proceed to the Saltmarket and carry me to a building insulated by the water, I only procured, in answer, the stare of vacant astonishment, or heard vulgar jestings and the slang of freshwater sailors.

It soon became obvious, even to myself, that it was altogether hopeless to expect to effect a communication with Mr. Arthur's family by such means, and there was nothing for me but patience—a sufficient punishment for my morning procrastination. I strained my eyes to watch if there was any perceptible fall in the height of the water, and almost blessed aloud the person who assured me that he thought it had begun to ebb, although even my eagerness could not perceive any mark of its recession.

I returned again to my station in the street where Marian lived.

The waters had not subsided; but the wind had again risen, and at six o'clock—it was now four—the tide would be full, and, consequently, the flood greater.

In my absence I learned with regret, but without self-reproach, that the expected boat had arrived from the Forth and Clyde Canal Basin; but, after carrying assistance to many sufferers, had swamped upon a bulk hidden under water, and it was not thought worth while to cart another from such a distance.

For some hours, then, even under the most favourable circumstances, it was evident that no exertion on my part could enable me to overcome the obstacles which separated me from my beloved; and exhausted from anxiety and fatigue, and cold with hunger, I was prevailed on by some friends who had now joined me to retire to a neighbouring tavern for some refreshment.

Night was now closing in, but it was in the unclouded beauty of a rising moon and the clear atmosphere of a returning frost, so that I was cheered by the hope, on my part, and certainly on that of others, that, ere nine o'clock, the passage to the foot of the Saltmarket would be practicable.

Some of my companions even asserted that that street would be almost as soon drained as the bowl in whose brimming contents they pledged my mistress, and the wish, at the same time, that I might never suffer so much from drought as I had done from moisture.

Though anxious, I became almost cheerful; but was again at my post at the time of high water.

And there to and fro did I pace, marking and measuring the recession of the slimy flood, whose retreat had now obviously, though slowly, begun.

At eight o'clock I perceived it possible to reach the entrance to Mr. Arthur's dwelling by driving a cart through the water. When the owner of it, however, found that the flood reached above the traces he refused to proceed. Another hour of feverish watchfulness was mine, and another attempt, though nearer success—because coming closer to the mark—yet did not reach it. At length, just as the first chimes of the ten o'clock bells were inducing a few uninterested stragglers who lingered on the spot to turn homewards, a loud cry was heard to proceed from the lower part of the street, near to which we could now advance. Lights were to be seen at many windows; casements were hurriedly opened, and in the tenements for whose security alone I cared, a singular bustle and confusion was observed. Suddenly, there ran along the line of gazers that defined the dry street from the water the broken whisper, whence communicated I have never learned, that the foundations of the houses farthest down had been sapped and were giving way. The flags of the pavement, it was said, were starting up upon their ends, and the screams were occasioned by the inmates perceiving fearful rents in the walls of the buildings, from the lower flats of which the water was now hastening with rapid and destructive suction.

I saw nothing of this, for I waited not to look. It was enough that I had heard. Throwing myself into a cart, I seized the halter of a horse, and hardly waiting for the driver, forced

it onwards through the still deep though now receding flood.

The water was over the flooring of the vehicle before it reached the gateway leading to Marian's dwelling, and was up to my breast as, at one bound, I leaped over the wheels, regardless of the snorting capers of the affrighted horse.

In one minute I was under the archway leading to the house, and in utter darkness; but I half stepped, half floated onwards towards where, as I guessed, was the entrance to the stair.

In one moment I was up to the eyes, plunged into a hole occasioned by the breaking up of the pavement; in another, dripping at every lock, I had struggled, I hardly knew how, but instinctively, to the staircase, and was above the watermark on its steps.

A second glance showed me a frightful rent in the wall of the stairs; and, almost with but one bound, I was by the side of Marian.

Less alarmed than I, she was, however, like all the inmates of the building, greatly terrified and anxiously waiting the assistance for which her father was by this time making signals at the window.

A word served to explain that the means of succour and escape were near at hand, in the cart which I had ordered to wait my return.

The old man was grateful; my beloved silently but fondly submitted to be lifted up in my arms; and, followed by the servants carrying papers and other valuables, I proceeded down to the still half choked-up archway.

As we went onwards a loud crack from the timbers of the building, and a visible widening of the rent before noticed, together with the masses of the plaster from the roof, increased their terror and quickened our speed. Bearing aloft my precious charge, and explaining that I should lead the way, I plunged into the water, which now reached no higher than my middle. Taking care to avoid that side where I stumbled when I entered, I cautiously moved on, pressing my dear burthen to my heart with one arm, while the other served to pilot me along the walls with—I still remember—unhurrying cautiousness.

The father and domestics hesitated to follow, and the lights they held in their hands threw a dazzling glare upon the dismal waters as I turned round to inquire the cause of their delay and encourage their progress, when, in an instant, I was plunged into a dark and narrow gulf which had yawned open for my destruction as I advanced! I felt myself sink in a moment, and graze against the sides of the chasm as I descended! and she was with me—clinging to me—locked in my arms!

One dreadful scream from her, a gurgling groan from myself, and a feeling of intense pain in my temples and chest, is all that I remember of that dreadful hour.

Dim recollections I have, indeed, of flaming torches, coils of rope and iron-spiked drags, bleeding temples, and draughts poured down my throat, oaths, exclamations, wailings and tears; but these I dare not think upon, for I was mad, they tell me, for a time, when weeks after, I inquired where I was and asked for my darling. I then learned it was presumed she, more severely bruised than even I had been in the descent to the cellar beneath the gateway, whose arch was broken, had sunk with me, while her body had not instantaneously risen to the surface of the horrid gap as mine had, and thus she had perished, half-stunned and half-drowned, beneath the low-browed vault and amid these slimy waters!

Her father died broken-hearted. It has been my award to live. Lunatics are mad when the moon is at the full; I am so only when again the hateful waves of the spate are in the streets of a city and, it may be, sapping more foundations and drowning more earthly hopes of happiness and other Marians.

A FINISHED coquette, at a ball, asked a gentleman near her, whilst she adjusted her dress, whether he could flirt a fan, which she held in her hand. "No, madam," said he, "but I can fan a flirt!"

## FICHU AND RINGLET

A CAMP-FIRE STORY.

### CHAPTER II.

WHEN Hostowitz had ceased, there ensued that oppressive silence which often leaves the narrator in painful suspense, whether it is gratification or dissatisfaction which hold every tongue spell-bound. It is then the prerogative of youth to dispel the enchantment.

"Capital situation!" cried Bandenbosch.

"'Twas indeed," exclaimed Tanenzien, "but certainly not a victory. You sought to win a battle, Hostowitz, but were yourself routed, horse and dragoon."

"Oh, no! Not at all!" protested a third; "the mine was laid secundum artem, and what followed must have come."

"Yes; no matter who was hoisted by the petard," declared a fourth.

Short, lively dialogues ensued. Then Lieutenant Wilson approached his antagonist, and, touching glasses with him, gaily said:

"I perceive I shall have a very hard tussle, Hostowitz."

Then throwing himself back upon his sheaf of hay and drawing his mantle more closely about him, he thus began:

"It was seven years ago. It was then a student at Gottingen, and little thought I should ever wear the kaiser's livery. Why I wear it belongs not here. It was in the summer semester, and the dog days were coming apace. One of my friends, a native of one of those spruce commercial towns which stretch along the banks of the Elbe, invited me home with him for the holidays, and being still full of that student unaffectedness which gives itself few airs, I accepted the courtesy without more ado. Trunks were packed (nothing but books), and we set out for his home with resolutions of endless diligence. And we had good reasons for such resolutions, for we were both now in our last but one semester.

"We arrived next day. Lassies' heads peeped out of the window and greeted us gleefully while we were yet a hundred paces from the house. We returned the greeting and quickened our gait. Ere the door-bell had echoed the third stroke of the knocker, we heard the laughing maidens come flying down the stairs, and in the next instant sister and cousin were hanging about the neck of my half-embarrassed friend, who could scarcely defend himself against their kisses and impetuosity. Sisters and cousins always kiss so tempestuously! I was presented; the girls blushed, then I appeared to be forgotten again. The parents of my friend received us upstairs in the family room. His father shook me kindly by the hand, but not without a dash of stiffness. His mother took me right into her heart, and was as warm and affectionate in her greeting as if I had been another son.

"The old gentleman was a rich corn merchant, and passed for the wealthiest man of the city. He was as neat in person as he was heavy in purse. He changed his linen twice each day, and wore white vests winter and summer, while his coats—black and of English cut—were of the finest Flemish cloth. The whole man flashed as he walked the street, and was the perfect type of prosperous respectability. He possessed that strong aggressive self-consciousness which characterises those persons who regard themselves (whether with or without justice) as the founders of their own fortune.

"Thirty years before he had stood behind the counter and his credit had reached hardly further than his yard-stick; now it went round the world like his ships. He was leader in the Assembly of Burgomasters of his city, and a member of the National Parliament. The ministry flattered him, and he could have had a title these several years. At home he was patriarch; loved his children, and was as proud of them as of his social and commercial credit. The merchant was regarded by him as the real gentleman of the world. He cherished that pro-

found respect for learning with which all men of understanding, though imperfectly educated, are imbued. It was this regard for science which reconciled him to the thought of seeing his son in the lecture-room instead of the counting-house.

"His wife had not kept pace with their constantly improving fortunes. She was still the good and simple soul as when, with the small scales in her hand, she had sold skeins of silk and Scotch yarn, and civilly curtsied to every incoming customer. She still baked her pound cake—to the horror of her husband—after an antediluvian receipt inherited from her grandmother, and could not be persuaded to leave off sewing dummies for her son, who would gratefully receive them and pack them away, and—order new ones.

"She had quarrelled only once with her husband, and only then because he insisted on hiring a servant, and inexorably carried his point. She then made an eloquent speech on the preference to be given to her own sex, but all in vain; a man-servant, in gay livery, was introduced into her household, who was at first resisted, but finally tolerated by her. She revered her husband as a superior being, and her inability to comprehend his ambitious schemes was much more pathetic than venations.

"When, every two years, he gravely ascended his coach to attend the sessions of Parliament, and with all the solemnity of a law-giver bade her a dignified adieu, she would call out to him:

"Make haste, and come back soon."

"She had found all laws—under which she had become rich and happy—so excellent; why change them at all, or make new ones? Of course she spoiled her children. In one thing, however, she was tyrannical and deaf to all opposition—her daughter must be and should remain a child.

"And such, indeed, Lissy was, or seemed to be. She looked as fresh as the poppy blooming amid the rye. Her form was full and voluptuous; her eyes dark; her mouth small and well formed, but the lips a little too full. Her hair was heavy, and the coil of its long black tresses difficult to manage. When we played together in the garden it always tumbled down, and gave to her beautiful face an exquisite charm. Nevertheless, Lissy was 'the child.' Her mother said so, therefore we believed it. Brothers always think so, and I thought so because—I so desired. Otherwise I should have had to divide myself between her and Cousin Jane.

"Jane was a bewitching lass. Her relationship with the house was upon her father's side. Her mother, an Englishwoman, died early; her father twelve years later. After the death of both parents she was adopted by her uncle, and passed at once from a suppliant for protection to mistress of the household. Poor relatives either split wood and make fires, or else hew for themselves, out of the first billet, a sceptre of command which they never afterward resign. Jane belonged to the latter category. She was her mother's daughter, and from her inherited her name with her finely-cut features, and roguish, laughing eyes.

"She was a perfect type of the English girl, not as one sees her on Rhine pilgrimages, in loose-fitting gowns and sea-green veils, seated amidst trunks and carpet-bags—no, but one of those slender, willowy, graceful forms which one meets only in their island home, where they shake you cordially by the hand and write long verses in albums. She wore her hair in those long blonde locks which are so charming when naturally and tastefully worn, but so ugly when only imitated.

"Her nature was frank and unaffected and full of that amiable tact which enters gleefully into every harmless badinage, but which bears nothing unkind or unbecoming. Moreover, she was sweetly modest. She used her superiority as a gift from God, and was the fullest expression of that sweet humility which excites no envy. And yet she was deferred to in all things:

"Jane has willed it," was a sufficient answer to every up-starting wherefore.

"Such was the family circle into which I was introduced. Brought up among simple, unpretentious folks, the grand surroundings of this merchant prince had for me an endless charm. At home we had no carpets in our rooms—here they lay upon the stairways. The strong impression made upon me by the first mid-day meal is still vivid in my memory. The old gentleman, offering his arm to his niece, led the way, and conducted us to the cool, shady dining-room. What profusion of wealth here met my gaze! Over the chimney-pieces hung two pictures in broad, quaint frames; life-size portraits of the parents of my friend. Against one of the walls stood a great mahogany table, supporting massive silver-ware and dishes of rarest Sevres china piled up in high pyramids.

"Upon the dining-table glowed rich Spanish wines in decanters of finest cut glass, while in crystal bowls laughed luscious grapes and oranges that filled the room with their fragrance. From out the buffet peep the tin-foil heads of champagne bottles. I felt as if invited to a king's banquet, and yet a spirit of simple, kindly hospitality so pervaded the pomp that I was as unconstrained as if seated at my mother's table at home.

"My friend and I were made to entertain the table with stories of our student life, and finally we had to promise Jane and Lissy to send them the ribbons of our society, and elevate them to the distinction of honorary membership. The old gentleman, under the genial influences of wine and good-fellowship, laughed at our jokes until happy tears rolled down his cheeks.

"After dinner we made a tour of the house. It consisted of four parts that were connected together in the form of an oblong. Between the front and rear parts which constituted the habitable portions, ran the speicher, or ware-rooms, used for storing grain. A covered way, but little used, ran over the upper stories of these ware-rooms and connected the two dwelling houses.

"I occupied a room in the rear house, which was composed almost exclusively of chambers for guests and strangers. The ground floor was used as a summer-house, behind which, shut in by the neighbouring houses, bloomed a flower-garden kept with all the care of a Hollander. It was here that we spent most of our time; and days full of that equable pulsebeat, which of itself is happiness, rolled serenely over us.

"Here, under a cool, shady bower, we drank our coffee of mornings, as we enjoyed the beauty of the earth with all our senses.

"At times I was terrified at the thought that all this happiness was for me but little more than a dream, soon to be followed by the harsh reality. I would then throw myself upon the grass among the rose-bushes, and as the blue clouds above floated slowly by me, drink in at every pore the rare sweetness of such hours.

"It was here in the garden that we played those merry games as the fair summer days ushered them in. We chased each other through the shady walks, or played at hide and seek among the bowers. What an enchanting vision when Jane's curly head rose from behind the dark walls, or when she peered through the green leaves and boughs with her roguish brown eyes, then sped away in her light, airy robes, fleet and graceful as a fawn. And how my heart would thrill and throb when I beheld her beauteous neck float out from beneath her kerchief fluttering in the breeze, or when—according to the rules of the game—I tapped her with gentle force three times upon her lovely shoulder!

"Lissy played too; but who heeded Lissy! If, when we played grace, it was her hoop which flew into a tree, her brother would scold her, and we would fetch a ladder and ascend the tree at our convenience; was it Jane, however, who had carelessly thrown, nothing deterred us from a climbing chase. We were up the broad trunk in an instant, and as we swung ourselves from

bough to bough, each appeared the most eager to break his neck serving his lady.

"I was usually the victor, and as the last days of our vacation drew nigh I fancied I perceived by my little tokens that Jane was not wholly insensible to my suit for her favour. Every evening when I went to my room I found a bouquet of freshly plucked roses upon my table; Jane knew how much I loved roses.

"Then came the last evening.

"We went boating on the Elbe. My friend took the oars while I sat at the helm. As we glided slowly down stream and floated into the setting sun, everything was so still that all nature seemed sinking to rest.

"Sing, sing!" cried the girls.

"Smiling, I pointed to a pair of young swans which were just then gracefully swimming between us and the shore.

"Nay, nay!" cried Jane, "not that. They sing only when they are dying. I want no mournful, lugubrious plaint, but a merry ballad. Sing a verse, and we will join in the chorus."

"At this moment I thought again of the roses on my table, and, quickly exclaiming that I had just bethought me of a charming melody of which I knew the words of but one strophe only, I began to sing the following words:

'In my garden fair I find  
Many flowers fair and fine,  
Many garlands with them twine,  
And a thousand thoughts I bind,  
And greetings, lover mine.'

"While I sang, I kept my eye on Jane, but she was wholly unembarrassed, and exclaimed in unaffected joy:

"Those lines are charming, Wilson; you must send me the entire song!"

"Lissy joined in the request. During the singing she had gazed silent and pensive in the stream. And so my stratagem had failed; only one other was left—surprise.

"It was nine o'clock ere we returned to the house. We were all thinking of our near separation, and were looking rather mournful. It was yet an hour before the evening meal. It had been my custom to pass this hour in the sitting-room with the family. To-day, however, I hid myself behind a pillar of the staircase which led to my chamber, which stood next to my door, and waited.

"I was there but a short time when I heard a slight noise in my room. The visitor must have come from the opposite side, and by the way which ran over the speicher. I quickly opened my door, but just an instant too late; I saw only the back of a dress just disappearing, and the outline of an arm as it quickly closed the door. For a moment I stood to the spot, then rushed after the vanished form, but it was fleetier than I, and had quickly won the advantage by my second's bewilderment. Flying down the narrow staircase, it was hastening on over the obscure ground floor in swift security, when suddenly I heard a half-suppressed scream. The fugitive had slipped and fallen, and in the next instant I was at her side.

"I caught her up in my arms, and bore her a few steps forward to where a stream of dazzling light poured in from the open roof and fell slanting across the interior.

"I gazed into the blushing face of the little trembler—it was Lissy!

"For a moment I felt something like disappointment, but when my eye again met hers, and beheld trust, fear, love, and shame beaming forth in marvellous changes, I suddenly knew that I had been blind until this moment, and been kneeling before an unsubstantial dream, while the glowing, pulsing reality stood near.

"The mantilla had fallen from her shoulders, and upon her dazzling neck, lovingly caressed by her dark hair, fell the full light of the moon. My senses grew dizzy, and that savage impulse, deaf to honour and loyalty, surged over me. Lissy little knew what fire glowed in my passionate kisses. She loved me, therefore she trusted me. And if I had led her to the open roof door and whispered:



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"Come, Lissy, let us fly," she would have sprung down.

"I caught her to my wildly beating heart with that vehemence which passion gives, and rained kisses upon her lips and neck, but when I looked again in her face a tear trembled in her eye. In an instant my heart grew soft with ruth and compassion. Once more I kissed her, then hoarsely whispered:

"Go, Lissy, go!" and pressed her forth.

"I then tottered to my room like a drunken man.

"Half an hour later the bell invited us to supper. Lissy was not present, but her absence was not remarked, for even Jane was in her chamber weeping.

"We were all in a very melancholy mood as each thought of the morrow's separation. The old gentleman rested his eyes upon me several times, and I thanked God that I could endure the gaze. He once touched my glass with his own and said:

"Be true and loyal, and you will be happy."

"The mother gave me her hand, and with a warm pressure, gently said:

"Do not forget us. You have no sister; remember always that here you have two."

"When I went to my room I threw myself upon the bed and wept like a child. They were the best tears of my life.

"Early next morning our waggon was before the house. Lissy and the others stood in the porch. She was quite composed, and in her paleness marvellously lovely. As I was about to ascend the waggon she gave me her hand, and when she withdrew it a folded paper lay in mine.

"The horses started, a last farewell, and we rolled away. Ere we had gone a hundred paces I secretly glanced into the folded paper and found a lock of hair, within it was an 'L,' written by a trembling hand.

"Since that day I have borne the look about me constantly, not as a love-token, but simply as a souvenir, perhaps as a talisman. Since then my life has been thrown in many places, and has had many vicissitudes, and there was a time when I thought as Hostowitz, who has not thought so at some period of his life; and it is even because I have climbed the entire ladder that I know just which round is nearest to heaven, and can say and do say again nothing is sweeter, nobler, worthier than victory over one's self."

When Wilson had ceased Hostowitz grasped him by the hand.

"Were it not for the attack, Wilson, I would vote against myself."

"Let us express an opinion candidly," cried one of the youngsters.

"Capital situation!" cried Bandenbosch, repeating his former judgment, while he hesitated for which story he was most inclined to vote.

"For my part," exclaimed Tanenzien, "I vote for Hostowitz. I neither have nor give any reasons, but then the episode with the countess has a more military flavour."

"Tanenzien," cried the colonel, "one could readily perceive that you have no daughter."

Wilson was delighted by the vote.

Twenty-four hours later we bivouacked three miles further south from Temesvar. The battle had been fought and won, the pursuit of the enemy had now brought us to the vicinity of Temesch.

As we lay around a watch fire and chatted about the incidents of the day Lieutenant Wilson showed us his pocket-book; a ball had nearly pierced it; only the last leaf had stayed its murderous mission; upon it lay a lock of hair—Lissy's.

We all looked at it—all but one—Hostowitz. He lay upon the field of Temesvar; a canister shot had torn him from his horse as he led his squadron to the attack.

[THE END.]

## THE CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

### ROUND GAMES.

ROUND GAMES for children are always interesting. We have no doubt that some of the following are already known to a part of our readers, but others may be ignorant of them:—

**DROPPING THE HANDKERCHIEF** is played by the children joining hands in a circle, except one, who holds the handkerchief knotted, and drops it behind someone; who, leaving the circle, tries not to be caught; but, when that happens, takes the handkerchief, and the same is repeated.

**THE WOODGATHERER AND RANGER** is an improvement on this. A couple are left out for the woodgatherer and ranger, and stand side by side apart from the rest; the girls are woodgatherers, the boys rangers, the couples in the ring are faggots. The two run in and out, as in Dropping the Handkerchief, but the woodgatherers cannot be caught when within the circle of the faggots. When at length caught, the faggots loose hands, and remain in couples; and the two appoint their successors by standing in front of them.

**MARGARETTA'S BOWER** is played as follows: A little girl stands in the centre, the others around, holding the hem of her frock over her head, so that she is hidden. A boy (the cavalier) tries to remove one of the circle; but, if he succeeds, the others go closer around, until he attempts to thrust them all aside; then, fearful of being caught, Margareta breaks from the circle, and tries to catch someone, and the one caught is Margareta.

**GRINDING THE CORN.**—Two children join hands, and spin around their feet together, while any verse decided on is sung; those that stop before it is concluded give place to a fresh couple.

**WANT A DAY'S WORK.**—The players stand within a circle, the workshop, with a master to supervise, and each offers to do certain work—cobble, carpenter, what not, and imitate the movement. When the master disapproves of their efforts, he tries to push them beyond the circle; if he succeeds, the workman takes the master's place.

**POINTER'S BUFF.**—A child, blindfolded, holds a stick, and touching one of the players asks who it is; his object is to disguise his voice so that he is not found out.

**THREADING GRANDMOTHER'S NEEDLE.**—The players stand in a line, hand in hand, and sing, "Grandmother's eyes are grown so dim, her needle she cannot fill." The two at the end reply, "Our eyes are bright and good, thread it for her we will," and dart beneath the raised arms of the others, in and out alternately, till they arrive at the top, when the next couple repeat.

**SACRIFICES.**—It is easy enough to make sacrifices for those we love; but for our enemy, we have to struggle, and overcome self. Such a victory is truly noble.

**REMARKABLE BRAIN WOUND.**—A young man named Leonard E. Spencer, of North Fenton, Broome County, New York, was wounded in the head October 8, 1881, by the bursting of his gun. His physicians were able to insert a finger its full length into the wound, but were unable to find the fragment of the gun which penetrated the brain. Partial recovery took place. He was at work February 20, when unfavourable symptoms set in, and he died the next day. At the autopsy the cylinder and tube of the gun were found embedded in the brain, inside the membranes, and on the floor of the middle fossa, near the fore part of the skull. The cylinder and tube were connected in one piece and weighed about three quarters of an ounce. The patient had survived the injury four and a half months.

## FACETIÆ.

A WOMAN who has four sons, all sailors, compares herself with a year, because she has four sea-sons.

"I HAVE a great mind to pitch into you," said one man to another, who retorted, "Nobody ever suspected you had a great mind for anything."

THE difference between a thief and a defaulter is that the defaulter steals enough to hire lawyers to defend him, and the thief doesn't.

BEFORE marriage she was dear and he was her treasure; after marriage she became dearer and he treasurer; but they were not boisterously happy, after all.

WHEN a young lady runs off and marries a coachman a great fuss is made about it; but every day some bride marries a groom, and nothing is thought of it.

A PROFESSIONAL maxim for lawyers—Whatever you do, do it with your might. Many a member of the profession has made his fortune by working with a will.

A PERSON being asked why he had given his daughter in marriage to a man with whom he was at enmity, answered, "She is a second edition of her mother, and I did it out of pure revenge."

SOME years ago, the Oddfellows of Leeds, having a grand gala, intimated that one of the attractions would be a stage, fitted up in imitation of the garden of Eden, and tableaux vivants descriptive of Adam and Eve.

MUCH has been said of a berry which is called the "white blackberry." It is described as being, when fully ripe, of a light greenish-brown colour. A friend, who is very blue, is desirous to know if they are red when green, like the blackberry.

A VERY curious address, delivered by the manager of a country theatre, on finding his audience rather more select than numerous: "Ladies and gentlemen, as there is next to nobody here, I'll now dismiss you all; there will be no performance; but the performance of this evening will be repeated to-morrow."

"Mr darling," said a city swain to a country maid, "my darling, let me, aw, share all your life's troubles." "Share em?" quoth she. "Of course you may. Come out in the rain with me now to milk the cows. There are four, and you may milk two." The city swain's soul was convulsed with agony, and he soon after faded from the scene, and was never seen there again.

MR. CESAR.—Swift dined one day in company with the Lord Keeper, his son, and their two ladies, and Mr. Cesar, Treasurer of the Navy, at his house in the City. They happened to talk of Brutus, and Swift said something in his praise, when it struck him immediately that he had made a blunder in doing so, and, therefore, recollecting himself, he said: "Mr. Cesar, I beg your pardon!"

GOLD AND GREATNESS.—Mr. Pope was with Sir Godfrey Kneller one day, when his nephew, a Guinea trader, came in. "Nephew," said Sir Godfrey, "you have the honour of seeing the two greatest men in the world." "I don't know how great you may be," said the Guinea man, "but I don't like your looks; I have often bought a man much better than both of you together—all muscle and bones—for ten shillings."

A GENTLEMAN at an hotel called for a bottle of hook, but the waiter not hearing distinctly asked him to repeat the order. "A bottle of hook," was the reply; "hic, hae, hoc." After waiting for some time, no wine appearing, he again summoned the waiter. "Did I not order some hook, you rascal? Why is it not brought?" "Because," said the gargon (who had been taught the Latin grammar), "you afterwards declined it!"

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## IN PREPARATION.

## A NEW NOVEL.

## THE WITHERED BRANCH.

A WILDLY ROMANTIC STORY OF THE  
WELSH COAST AT THE  
TIME OF THE CATO STREET CONSPIRACY.

CHAPTER I.—A TERRIBLE ESCAPE.

CHAPTER II.—A MYSTERIOUS REFUGE.

## NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**A GROCER'S ASSISTANT.**—Quite right; dried raisins have no right to be called plums. They are prepared from different kinds of grapes by drying. The names "muscatale," "sultana," etc., were originally derived from the places from which they were exported, or the methods of their preparation, which resulting in giving them their distinctly varied qualities.

**SELINA.**—Clarified beef dripping is excellent, next to which, perhaps, fresh olive oil is the best form in which fat can be used for frying. You need not purchase the costlier, colourless kind used for table castors, but that sold at a cheaper rate, by the gallon, at most of the more respectable Italian warehouses.

**S. W. R.**—The words of the late Lord Beaconsfield, as reported in the papers of that date, in 1882, were these: "No one can suppose that the present Administration has any intention, or ever had any intention, of taxing the food of the people, or bringing back the laws repealed in 1846."

**JAMES ISARD.**—Before starting for so long a walk well soap inside the feet of your socks or stockings. This will prevent blisters from appearing.

**SCHOOLBOY.**—To pulverize camphor, break it into small pieces, put it in the mortar, and sprinkle it first with spirits of wine.

**IMOGEE.**—Quicklime and boiling water will destroy ants.

**A. B. C.**—If you use pearl-ash in cleansing your lamp shades, they will not be discoloured.

**H. I. P.**—Your voice would be an effectual bar to your obtaining such employment.

**J. B.**—Table-salt and chloride of sodium are one and the same thing—your sister is poking fun at you.

**SUPPER.**—A very good corn-plaster may be made in the following way: Take two ounces of gum ammoniac, two ounces of yellow wax, and six drachms of verdigris; melt them together, and spread the paste upon a piece of soft wash-leather. Pare the corns before applying it, and renew the plaster every twelve or fourteen days.

**A COBBLER.**—You should not keep flowers in your sleeping room; they render the air impure at night by discharging mephitic gas.

**ESTHER SWAIN.**—The man is a mean, cowardly, and deceitful fellow, or he could never have acted such a part. You should be only too glad to be rid of him, and we decline to give you any advice which might bring about a renewal of the engagement. Hundreds of wretched wives envy even "poor old maids" with all their hearts, and if you made that man your husband you would certainly add one more to their number. Be wise.

**INQUIRER.**—Miss J. Jewsbury was afterwards Mrs. Fletcher.

**A. J.**—Jonathan Wild, the infamous thief taker, would have advised you to take punch, because, as he observed, "It is a much better orthodox liquor than wine, for there is not a word spoken against it in the Scriptures." Ardent spirits mixed with acids are not, however, wholesome, even in their combination as punch.

**MABEL.**—Cut two ounces of white Windsor soap into a jar, and pour over it half a pint of alcohol; subject it to a gentle heat, and when the soap blends with the spirit add a little perfume, and pour it into the moulds to grow cool. This is the method of making the transparent soap commonly used, and it is quite as good as any other. Quinine tooth-powder is made with chalk, starch, orris-powder and sulphate of quinine, mixed by sifting.

**MATER.**—The sugar most used for salads is the best powdered loaf sugar.

**J. ROBERTS.**—You are suffering from surfeit, which may be due to excessive eating and drinking, or to partaking of improper food. The symptoms are those you describe: a sensation of oppression and heaviness of the stomach, accompanied by nausea, obstructed perspiration, and skin eruptions. The perspiration is scanty both when the stomach has too much and too little food.

**ELISA GRIFFITHS.**—If the stomach is weak, we should not recommend you to eat oysters cold; but if you do take them in that state, be sure to use pepper.

**ERNEST.**—Gelatin is not soluble in alcohol.  
**A YOUNG READER.**—Zero is that point from which the scale of a thermometer is graduated.

**FRANK ELLIOT.**—We believe the growth of your hair may be greatly benefited by using the following mixture regularly before going to bed: Equal parts of olive oil and spirits of rosemary, and a few drops of oil of nutmeg.

**ZILLAH.**—It is customary for invitations to a private ball to be sent from seven to ten days prior to the entertainment, answers to which should be returned not later than one or two days.

**CUPID.**—You have been guilty of a flagrant breach of trust, and may consider yourself fortunate if the young lady forgives you. We can offer you no advice.

**GRACE.**—You have a very graceful figure and pleasing face. We do not like the hat, nor do we think it suitable for you. We cannot undertake to return photographs.

**GEORGE WOOD.**—The line "Path or no path, what care they?" is Wordsworth's.

**B. C.**—Light olive green would harmonize with it admirably.

**ASPIRANT.**—"Paul Fry" was written by Poole.

**WELCOMING.**—The story is much too long, has a spun-out aspect, and is wanting in interest.

**CHARLES E. BATLIS.**—Robert Barton, one of our old English poets, was a Carmelite friar of Scarborough, in Yorkshire, who was an attendant on the person of Edward II.

**MATILDA CHESTER.**—In the reign of Henry IV. the business of brewing was carried on by women, as it was long after—hence the term "ale-wives."

**HER SISTERS' LOVER.**—Your position is a very delicate one indeed. It is most unfortunate that you should win the hearts of both sisters, and still more unfortunate that one should be so recklessly immodest in desperately striving to win away her sister's lover. We are really quite at a loss how to advise, or discover any way of escape for you, unless you are in a position to propose immediate marriage to the sister you do love. You can't keep away from the house, and you can't continue your visits without subjecting yourself to these severe trials and temptations, and yet you dare not tell the one you love so dearly of the difficulty, lest she should sacrifice your happiness and her own out of her great love for her sister. Perhaps you can contrive to leave town, and continue your courtship by letter.

**B.**—Eighty-four miles per hour is, we believe, the greatest speed ever attained on the railroad by steam.

**HENRY GROOM.**—Hilary Term dates from January 11th, and is named after St. Hilary, whose day is on the 13th of that month.

**CITIZEN.**—Farrington Market has been in its present condition about forty years.

**C.**—The first exhibition of paintings in Hobart Town was opened in 1846 or 1847.

**A COCKNEY.**—From Slane, the greaves with which the legs of convicts were fettered.

## PUZZLES.

## LXXXII.

## SQUARE WORDS.

1.

An important article of commerce. A French Christian name. A character in Shakespeare. High spoken. Contributes assistance.

2.

A female saint. Ruled by pen. A well-known medicine seed. A vegetable product. Appertaining to a celebrated garden.

3.

A bird of prey. A place of shows. A yawning fellow. A continental city. Made a mistake.

## LXXXIII.

## ENIGMA.

In Parliament my presence gives  
Occasion for a fight  
Between opposing factions,  
By constitutional right.

Lawyers are much attached to me—  
I'm rear'd amidst dispute;  
Bulky at times my form you see  
When in a lengthened suit.

I wear the stamp of royalty  
Impressed upon my face;  
The legislature favours me,  
By certain days of grace.  
Occasionally I am made out  
For fashionable bonnet;  
A pretty one, without a doubt,  
With flowers and dew-drops on it.  
Poor robin redbreast ne'er could eat  
His food without my aid;  
Six different things upon I treat;  
Now guess—don't be afraid.

## LXXXIV.

## CHARADE.

'Twas dead of night, the shops were shut, and scarce a light was shining,  
And mist, and cold, and drizzling rain in one were all combining;  
No traveller upon the streets his lonely path was wending,  
And naught I saw, save one pale face upon a volume heaving.  
With steadfast look and anxious eye the leaves were slowly turned—  
I mark'd the visage calm and good on which my first it burned;  
I thought upon the ways of man, how solemn was my life.  
How glad we all should be to see the finish of this strife.  
I've seen stout ships sail from the quay,  
Bound for the ocean wild and free;  
I've seen all sorts of craft you'd name,  
Some new, some old, and some of fame;  
And I've seen one, not a fighter,  
But a sort of sloop, or lighter.  
The wintry days were on us, the nights were long and cold,  
And I saw a man go past me, a man both grey and old;  
My whole was his profession, at it he earned his bread;  
He looked both sad and weary, but no murmur e'er he said.

## LXXXV.

## ARITHMETICAL QUESTIONS.

1.

In our house in the country was a crow, that was born in the seventeenth, lived through the eighteenth, and died in the nineteenth century. The figures of the year of its birth give the number required, multiplied by sixteen. The figures of the year of its death give the number required, multiplied by seventeen. How old was he?

2.

A train left A at noon, and travelled forty-eight miles per hour for a certain distance, and then stopped; but, if it had gone nineteen and a half miles further, it would have met a train which left B at 12.25, and travelled thirty-six miles per hour; at one-third of the distance from B to A. How far from B was the first train when it stopped?

## LXXXVI.

## CHARADE.

In every house my first is seen,  
And if you it would find,  
You certainly my next must do  
To bring it to your mind.  
Then if you feel in want of food  
To total you must fly;  
Where you will quickly find you can  
Your hungry want supply.

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